





THE
DEVIL *to* PAY;
OR, THE
WIVES *Metamorphos'd*.

A N
O P E R A.

As it is Perform'd at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by the Author of *The Beggars Wedding*.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora ————— Ovid.

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

MDCCXXXI.

Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

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1. The first of these is the fact that the
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42 DCC XXXI

Three One-Shilling and Six Pence.



To the MOST NOBLE
LIONEL-CRANFIELD,
DUKE of DORSET,
Lord-Lieutenant of IRELAND.

MY LORD,



Very much fear I shall be thought guilty of great Presumption in taking the Liberty to dedicate, to Your Excellency, a Play represented at this Season of the Year; and, at the same time, in doing it without first obtaining Leave: But as Your Excellency has too just a Taste and Knowledge of every Science to pass Judgment on any Writer, otherwise than as You are influenc'd

DEDICATION.

by the real Merit of his Performance. the first Objection will be of little avail against me; for I should have the same Dread, at any other time, of not gaining Your Excellency's Approbation, since I am sensible, I have but small Pretensions to it from the Alterations and Additions I have made in the Piece I do my self the Honour to lay at Your Excellency's Feet.

The other Objection, of not begging Your Excellency's Permission for this Address, is of no greater Force than the former; for tho' very few Gentlemen of high Birth and Station so much deserve the Encomiums of Mankind as Your Excellency, yet, I am told, there are still fewer but seem more delighted with them. Then how could I apply to Your Excellency in an Affair of this kind, which is, in my Opinion, no better than a Bargain between the Patron and Poet for such a Number of Flatteries and overstrain'd Compliments, as Your Excellency would scorn to accept had I Meanness enough to make an Offering of them?

But

DEDICATION.

BUT to take this Occasion of congratulating my native Country, *Ireland*, on the Happiness it is going to receive from Your wise and prudent Administration, and of being one of the foremost in shewing my Zeal and Duty to Your Excellency, I hope will not be thought an unpardonable Ambition in,

My LORD,

Your EXCELLENCY'S most obedient,

and most devoted humble Servant,

CHA. COFFEY.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *THEOPH. CIBBER*.

I*N ancient Greece the Comic Muse appear'd,
Sworn Foe to Vice, by Virtue's Friends rever'd;
Impartial she indulg'd her noble Rage,
And Satire was the Business of the Stage:
No reigning Ill was from her Censure free,
No Sex, no Age of Man, and no Degree;
Whoe'er by Passion was, or Folly, led,
The laurel'd Chief, or sacerdotal Head,
The pedant Sophist, or imperious Dame,
She lash'd the Evil, nor conceal'd the Name.*

*How hard the Fate of Wives in those sad Times,
When saucy Poets wou'd chastise their Crimes!
When each cornuting Mate, each rampant Jilt,
Had her Name branded on the Stage with Guilt!
Each Fair may now the Comic Muse endure,
And join the Laugh, tho' at her Self, secure.*

*Link'd to a patient Lord, this Night behold
A wilful, headstrong, Termagant and Scold;
Whom, tho' her Husband did what Man cou'd do,
The Devil only cou'd reclaim like you;
Like you, whose Virtues bright embellish Life,
And add a Blessing to the Name of Wife.*

*A merry Wag, to mend vexatious Brides,
These Scenes begun, which shak'd your Fathers Sides,
And we, obsequious to your Taste, prolong
Your Mirth, by courting the Supplies of Song;
If you approve, we our Desires obtain,
And by your Pleasure shall compute our Gain.*

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir John Loverule, An honest Country Gentleman, belov'd for his Hospitality.</i>	}	Mr. Stopelaer.
Ranger, } <i>His Friends.</i>	}	Mr. Wetherilt, Jun.
Valentine. }	}	Mr. Roberts.
Ananias, <i>An ignorant fanatick Parson, Chaplain to Lady Loverule.</i>	}	Mr. Charke.
<i>The Lady's Father, zealous for the good old Cause.</i>	}	Mr. Wetherilt, Sen.
Butler, }	} <i>Servants to Sir John.</i>	Mr. Berry.
Cook, }		Mr. Fielding.
Footman, }		Mr. Wright.
Coachman, }		Mr. Gray.
Jobson, <i>A Psalm-singing Cobler, Tenant to Sir John.</i>	}	Mr. Harper.
Doctor,		Mr. Oates.
Nadir, } <i>Two Spirits attending the Doctor.</i>	}	Mr. Fisher Tench.
Abishog, }	}	Mr. H. Tench.
Gaffar Dungfork.		Mr. Gibber, Jun.

W O M E N.

<i>Lady Loverule, Wife to Sir John, a proud, canting, brawling, fanatical Shrew.</i>	}	Mrs. Mills.
Lucy, } <i>Her Maids.</i>	}	Miss Oates.
Lettice, }	}	Miss Williams.
Nell, <i>Jobson's Wife, an innocent Country Girl.</i>	}	Miss Rastor.
<i>Tenants, Servants, Dancers, &c.</i>		

SCENE, A Country Village.

THE



THE
DEVIL *to* PAY;
OR, THE
WIVES METAMORPHOS'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Cobler's House.*

Jobson, and Nell.

JOBSON.



OME, *Nell*, bring forth my *Sunday Jacket*,
clean Neckcloth, and Crabtree Cudgel, d'ye
hear? I mean to be in my Holiday Geers, and
look as tidy as other Folk.

Nell. Here they are, Husband; but pr'y-
thee, good *Jobson*, stay with me To-night, and
for once make merry at home.

Job. Peace, peace, you Jade, and go Spin; for if I lack any
Thread for my Stitching, I will punish you by virtue of my So-
vereign Authority.

Nell. Ay marry, no doubt of that; whilst you take your
Swing at the Alehouse, spend your Substance, get drunk as a
Beast, then come home like a Sot, and use one like a Dog.

B

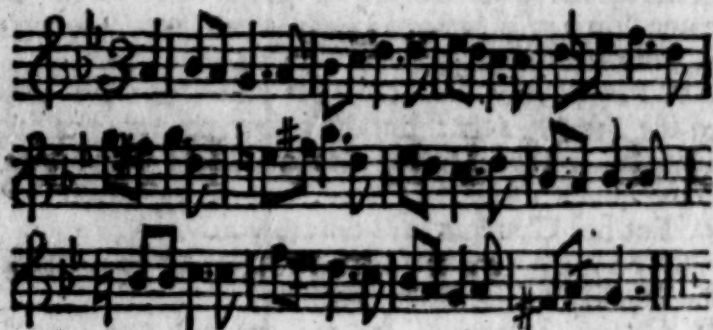
Job.

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Job. Nounz! do you prate? Why, how now, Brazen-face, do you speak ill of the Government? Don't you know, Hussy, that I am King in my own House, and that this is Treason against my Majesty.

Nell. Did ever one hear such Stuff! But I pray you now, *Jobson*, don't go to the Alehouse To-night.

A I R I. True Love shall never, &c.



Dear Jobson, do not from me go.

Alas! how can you serve me so?

In you I place my whole Delight,

Then stay with your poor Nell To-night:

And thus with Love, and harmless Play,

We'll crown, at home, the Holiday.

Job. Well, I'll humour you for once, but don't grow fancy upon't; for I am invited by Sir *John Loverule's* Butler, and am to be Princely drunk with Punch at the Hall-Place; we shall have a Bowl large enough to swim in.

A I R II. London Apprentice.



About the great Hall Table,

We'll face the flowing Bowl,

And drink while we are able,

To quench each drowsy Soul:

With

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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*With such inspiring Liquor,
And floating Toasts so brown,
We'll feast like any Vicar
In Country or in Town.*

Nell. But they say, Husband, the new Lady will not suffer a Stranger to enter her Doors; she grudges even a Draught of small Beer to her own Servants; and several of the Tenants have come home with broken Heads from her Ladyship's own Hands, only for smelling strong Beer in her House.

Job. A Pox on her, for a fanatical Jade! She has almost distracted the good Knight: But she's now abroad, feasting with her Relations, and will scarce come home To night; and we are to have much Drink, a Fiddle, and merry Gambols.

Nell. But her Chaplain will disturb you.

Job. If he does, we'll toss the Hypocrite in a Blanket, or kick the sanctify'd Coxcomb to a Jelly.

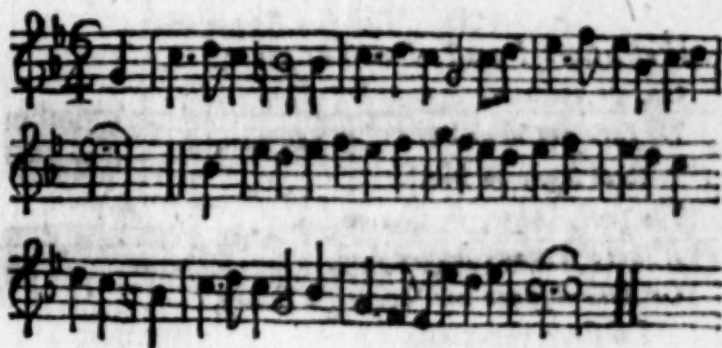
Nell. O dear Husband! let me go with you, we'll be as merry as the Night's long.

Job. Why how now, you bold Baggage! wou'd you be carry'd to a Company of smooth-fac'd, eating, drinking, lazy Serving-men; Rogues, whose Nourishment runs all into Venerie? No, no, you Jade, I'll not be a Cuckold.

Nell. I'm sure they wou'd make me welcome; you promis'd I shou'd see the House, and the Family has not been here before, since you marry'd and brought me home.

Job. Why, thou most audacious Strumpet, dar'st thou dispute with me, thy Lord and Master? Get in and spin, or else my Strap shall wind about thy Ribs most confoundedly.

AIR III. The Twitcher.



*He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life;
But for her that will scold and will quarrel,*

B 2

Let,

4. *The Devil to Pay; Or,*

*Let him cut her shorts
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel.*

Nell. Well, we poor Women must always be Slaves, and never have any Joy; but you Men run and ramble at your Pleasure.

A I R IV. *Fie, nay, pr'ythee John.*



*'Tis, I vow and swear,
Very cruel, Dear,
That I must not be allow'd to talk:
Job. Hence, I say, get in
To thy Wheel, and spin,
Lest upon your Back my Strap shou'd walk.*

Nell. Well, since I must, I will be gone;
Go, go, you are a naughty Man;
Be sure get drunk then, if you can,
Reel home to Nell.

Job. You surly Jade, by Tea and Noy,
If here you any longer stay,
Or dare dispute my sovereign Sway,
I'll strap you well.

Why, you most pestilent Baggage, will you be hoop'd? Be gone.

Jane.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Nell. I must obey.

Job. Stay, now I think on't, here's Six-pence for you, get Ale and Apples, stretch and puff thy self up with Lamb's Wool, rejoice and revel by thy self, be drunk and wallow in thy own Sty, like a grumbling Sow as thou art.

*He that has the best Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Sir John's.*

Butler, Cook, Footman, Coachman, Lucy, Lettice, &c.

But. I wou'd the blind Fidler and our dancing Neighbours were here, that we might rejoice a little while our termagant Lady is abroad; I have made a most sovereign Bowl of Punch, and have a good Hoard of *March Beer*.

Lucy. We had need rejoice sometimes, for our devilish new Lady will never suffer it in her hearing.

But. I will maintain, there is more Mirth in a Galley, than in our Family; Our Master indeed is the worthiest Gentleman — nothing but Sweetness and Liberality.

Foot. But here's a House turn'd topsy turvy, from Heaven to Hell, since she came hither.

Lucy. His former Lady was all Virtue and Mildness.

But. Ay, rest her Soul, she was so; but this is inspir'd with a Legion of Devils; and a plaguy Non-con Parson worse than all, who makes her lay about her like a Fury.

AIR V. Under the Greenwood Tree.



*Of all the Plagues of Human Life,
A Shrew is sure the worst;
Scarce one in ten that takes a Wife,
But with a Shrew is curst.*

B 3

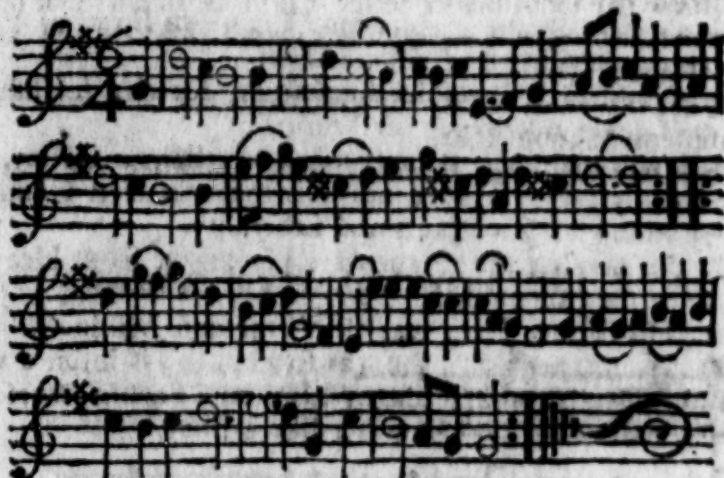
Since

The Devil to Pay; Or,

*Since then the Plague in Marriage lies,
Who'd rush upon his Fate?
When he for Freedom, Bondage buys,
And still repents too late.*

Lucy. I am sure I always feel her in my Bones; she has an Instrument of Correction made of Whalebone, and for fear I shou'd forget her good Usage, she refreshes my Memory every Quarter of an Hour; if her Complexion don't please her, or she looks yellow in a Morning, I am sure to look black and blue for it before Night.

A I R VI. 'Twas when the Sun, &c.



*Tempestuous as the Seas and Winds,
Are some capricious Womens Minds,
Are some capricious Womens Minds,
Who sing, rant, rave, and brawl;
Just such is my sweet Lady's Case,
If she a Pin or Patch misplace,
If she a Pin or Patch misplace,
I'm sure to pay for all.*

Cook. Pox on her! I dare not come within her Reach. I have some six broken Heads already. A Lady, quotha! a She-Bear is a civiler Animal. She has also robb'd me of my Coney-Skins, Kitchen-Stuff, and all my Vails, and has brought a damn'd, gormandizing, sanctify'd Fellow with her, that is scarce content with five Meals a Day.

But. But none of you have been so much abus'd as .

Lucy.

The Waves Metamorphos'd.

7

Lary. Because none of us had a Spade-beard of a Foot long.

But. I that have liv'd five and forty Years in the Family, and had for twenty Years preserv'd a reverend Beard, which made me noted for Wisdom and Discretion thro' all the Country, and to have it so cruelly demolish'd in an Instant ——— intolerable! ———

Cook. I beseech you, by what means did she depopulate and lay waste that fruitful Chin?

But. Why it was ruin'd by Fire, with her own cursed Hands she sing'd it off.

Lary. What pity 'twas to lose such an Emblem of Gravity and Wisdom!

But. Ay, I am now become a Shame to my Neighbours, and dare not shew my Chin before 'em. Oh! that Beard! that poor Beard! what Authority it had amongst them! I had ev'n as leave she had gelt me.

Foot. I believe thou had'st, for thy Beard was of as much use as any Implement about thee.

But. But farewell, dear Beard, I shall never see the like of thee.

AIR VII. In the Highlands of Scotland.



*Like Solon, for Wisdom, how was I rever'd,
For, Oh! all my Wisdom lay in my grave Beard;
But since my poor Chin has been robb'd of its Store,
The Loss of my Wisdom and Beard I deplore.*

Foot. Heaven help thy poor Master; this devilish Termagant scolding Woman will be the Death of him; I never saw a Man so alter'd all the Days of my Life.

Cook. There's a perpetual Motion in that Tongue of hers, and a damn'd shrill Pipe, enough to break the Drum of a

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Man's Ear; I wonder my Master does not kick her and her Parson out of Doors.

AIR VIII. There was an old Man.



*What sonorous Noise
Can equal the Voice
Of such a damn'd termagant Shrew?
Nor Drum, Mill, or Bell,
Or Clamours of Hell,
Such exquisite Pain can bestow, bestow,
Such exquisite Pain can bestow.*

But. Her Parson! her Weaver; for I believe he never had any Orders, but an inward Motion from his Stomach.

[*Ana. Within.*] Why, Cook, *John*, Cook, I say, where art thou?

Cook. I'm here. — This is his outward Call; now is he almost famish'd for his second Afternoon's Luncheon.

Enter Ananias.

Ana. John, I say, why dost thou neglect me? My Spirits are exhaled, evaporated in Study and much Labour; I feel as it were, a strange kind of Emptiness; I have not eat these two Hours.

But. A Pox confound him! set him fast by the Teeth, or he'll disturb us. [*Aside.*]

Cook. I have nothing but a couple of cold Chickens, some *Westphalia* Bacon, and *Christmas* Pies.

Ana. As for your *Christmas* Pies, I defy them; they are abominable, scandalous, and idolatrous; they savour of *Rome*; they are so many Fortifications wherein the Whore of *Babylon* entrencheth her self; I will down with them, I will beat them down exceedingly; my Zeal will not suffer such Popery in this House:

House: Ye are my Flock, I will see that that Wolf the Whore does not prey upon and devour ye: Down, down, I say, with all her Out-works and High Places, her superstitious and idolatrous Buildings and Structures, whether in minced Pies, or otherwise. Your *Christmas* is an Idol, a very Idol, truly: Have I not seen him in a prophane Mask, in the Habit of an old Man with a long Spade Beard? And have not the deluded Ront worshipped and fallen down before him? Your Bagpipes are so many Pagan Organs; and your Wassalers lewd and filthy Choiristers unto Satan. I may not bear these Rags of the Smock of that Scarlet Whore. My Spirit riseth, my Zeal boileth and bubbleth up, as it were, within me; I am transported with an holy Fury. But do you hear, *John Cook*? Send up these Chickens.

Cook. What, both?

Ana. Yea, both, with some *Westphalia* Bacon; and do you hear, *John*, a Tart; and you, Mr. *Chip*, let me have a Bottle of Sack, a Bottle of Ale, and a Bottle of *March* Beer; by the help of this Refreshment, I may be able to hold out till Supper. Be expeditious.

Lucy. What shall we do with this base Sniveling Hypocrite? He'll spoil our merry Meeting.

Foss. I'll warrant you, 'tis but putting out the Candles, and we'll soon make him weary of his Canting, if he thou'd come again.

Re-enter Butler and Cook.

But. So, his Provision's gone up.

Cook. He's fast by the Teeth for one Hour.

Enter blind Fidler, Jobson, and Neighbours.

But. Welcome, welcome all; this is to our Wish. Honest old Acquaintance, Godman *Jobson*! how dost thou?

Job. By my Troth, I am always sharp set towards Punch, and am now come with a firm Resolution, tho' but a poor Cobbler, to be as richly drunk as a Lord; I am a true *English* Heart, and look upon Drunkenness as the best part of the Liberty of the Subject.

A I R

AIR IX. Abbot of Canterbury.



*No Liquor like Punch gives Delight to the Soul,
 When we drown all our Cares i'th' bottom o'th' Bowl;
 It spurs up Jade Nature, and quickens the Blood,
 Which if it finds bad, it ne'er fails to leave good.
 Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

Lucy. Why did you not bring your Wife with you?

Job. Because here are Wags, very Wags, young brisk Rogues, and a Man may be a Cuckold before the King's Health can go round.

But. Come, *Jobson*, Let's have a Catch; strike up blind *Will*. Ah *Jobson*, I have heard thee outsing the Lark, or Nightingale; thou art heard above all the Church; let there be never so many Voices there, thine will still be predominant.

Cook. Ay, and he holds out the Note of one Verse, till the Clerk begins to sing the next; he has a pure Wind.

Job. Ay, as you say, I am pretty good at a Psalm or so, and I have some reason for it, for I have stich'd Soals these thirty Years to these same Psalms you speak of.

But. Come, let us bring out our Bowl of Punch in solemn Procession; and then for a Song to crown our Happiness.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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AIR X. *Charles of Sweden.*



*Come, jolly Bacchus, God of Wine,
Crown this Night with Pleasure;
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To destroy our Pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
May drink and sing without controul,
To support our Pleasure.*

*Let Lovers whine, and Statesmen think,
Always void of Pleasure;
And let the Miser bug his Chink,
Destitute of Pleasure:
But we like Sons of Mirth and Bliss,
Obtain the Height of Happiness,
Whilst Brimmers flow with Juice like this,
In the midst of Pleasure.*

*Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our Pleasure;
That under thy Protection we
May enjoy new Pleasure;
And as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And sing thy Praises, that we may
Live and die with Pleasure.*

Cook. And now I'll bring up the Rear with a swindging Turkey Pye, and a mighty Gammon; besides much Tarts, Pudding, and other Appurtenances belonging to our Office.

But.

The Devil to Pay; Or,

But. Here's our Master's Health in a Bumper. Huzzah —
Lucy. Our Lady's Confusion in another. Huzzah —

Enter Ananias, gnawing the Leg of a Chicken.

Ana. What meaneth this lewd, profane, and *Babylonish* Noise, ye popish Locusts, ye idolatrous Vipers? This sanctify'd Place is become even a Den of wicked ones. Thou blind Misleader of the Blind, with thy lewd Antichristian Squeaks, avaunt! avaunt, I say! *Belzebub*, avaunt! [*He beats the Fidler; they put out the Lights, and toss him about.*] Hold! hold! What meaneth this? Ye Sons of Darkness, I defy you; I can suffer for the Truth, I am a Witness.

But. Blind him, and gag him,

Cook. Bind him Hand and Foot.

Ana. I will flee away from farther Persecution, Vipers. My good Lady will come she will, to your Confusion.

[*Exit.*]

Foot. And as you like this, let us see you again.

But. To our Business, now he's gone. — The King and all the Royal Family, in a Brimmer —

Cook. Are you ready for a Collation?

Lucy. No, no, we'll have a Bout at Blind-Man's-Buff first.

Job. Ay, ay, come away, I'm an old Dog at that; blind me first; perhaps I'm as great a Master at Blind-Man's-Buff as any in *Europe*. [*They blind him, and dance.*]

Enter Sir John, and Lady.

Lady. O Heaven and Earth! What's here within my Doors? Is Hell broke loose? What Troops of Fiends are here? Sirrah, you impudent Rascal, speak!

Sir John. For shame, my Dear. — As this is a time of Mirth and Jollity, it has always been the Custom of my House, to give my Servants liberty in this Season, and to treat my Country Neighbours, that with innocent Sports they may divert themselves.

Lady. I say, meddle with your own Affairs, I will govern my own House without your putting in an Oar. Shall I ask leave to correct my own Servants?

Sir John. I thought, Madam, this had been my House, and these my Tenants and Servants.

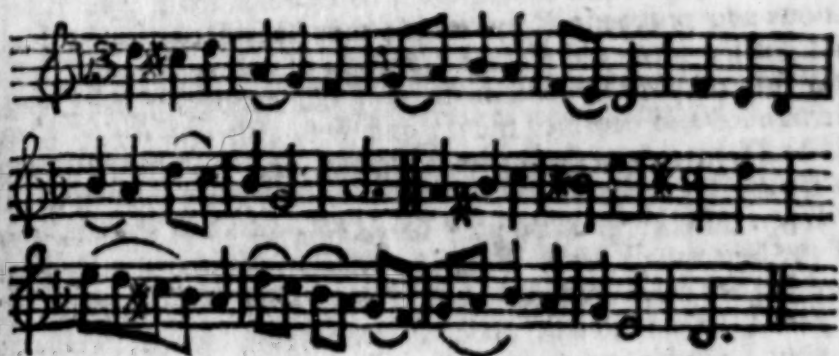
Lady. Did I bring a Fortune to be thus abus'd and snub'd before People? Do you call my Authority in Question, ungrateful Man? Look you to your Dogs and Horses abroad, but it shall be my Province to govern here; nor will I be controll'd by e'er a hunting, hawking, Knight in *Christendom*.

A I R

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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A I R XI. *Cbloe*, be kind, &c.



*Pry'thee be gone — no more disturb me,
I will reign sov'reign Mistress here;
No matrimonial Ties shall curb me,
I'll ne'er be rul'd by Love or Fear.*

Sir John. This it is to be marry'd to a continual Tempest;
Strife and Noise, Canting and Hypocrisy, are eternally afloat.
— 'Tis impossible to bear it long.

Lady. Ye filthy Scoundrels, and odious Jades, I'll teach you
to junket thus, and steal my Provisions; I shall be devour'd
at this Rate.

But. I thought, Madam, we might be merry once upon a
Holiday.

Lady. Holiday, you popish Cur! is one Day more holy than
another? and if it be, you'll be sure to get drunk upon it, you
Rogue, that by your late demolish'd Beard thought your self an
Example to the Family; Is this your Example, Sirrah? [*Beats
him.*] Come, you Minx, you impudent Flirt, are you jig-
ing it after an abominable Fiddle? all Dancing is whorish,
Hussy. [*Lugs her.*]

Lucy. O Lud! she has pull'd off both my Ears.

Sir John. Pray, Madam, consider your Sex and Quality; I
blush for your Behaviour.

Lady. Consider your Incapacity; you shall not instruct
me.

Enter Ananias.

Ana. Dear Lady, I am heartily rejoiced you are so soon re-
turned.

Lady. O good and holy Man, how came my Family thus
'ebauch'd in my Absence?

Ana.

Ana. My good Lady, when my Ears were first offended with their drunken Noises, I came down much grieved in Spirit, and rebuked them, commanding them to surcease from their superstitious and prophane Rites which they sacrificed to that Idol, that beastly Idol, old Father *Christmas*; and while my Spirit was full of holy Chastisement, they did extinguish the Lights, surrounded and hemmed me in, and these Instruments of Satan did buffet me, even unto great Anguish, and I am sore bruised in Body.

Lady. Alack! good Man! O ye Spawn of Belial! ye Fry of the bottomless Pit! Who are you thus muffled, you Buz-zard? [*She takes Ananias' Cane, beats 'em all, Jobson steals by.*]

Job. I am an honest, plain, Psalm-singing Cobler, Madam; if your Ladyship wou'd but go to Church, you might hear me above all the rest there.

Lady. I'll try thy Voice here first, Villain. [*Strikes him.*]

Job. Nounz! what a Pox, what a Devil ails you?

Lady. O prophane Wretch! wicked Varlet!

Ana. Thou Son of the old Serpent, avaunt; thou Frog of the Lake of Darknest.

Job. Avaunt, thou coxcombly Son of a Whore of the new Light.

Ana. Be gone, I say, avaunt; be gone, from within these Walls. [*They justle.*]

Job. What, will you wrestle a Fall with me? Come on, then, take that lusty Lug, you sanctify'd Rogue, with a Pound of Ear on each side. [*He lugs and throws him down.*]

Lady. O impudent Villain! Has he not hurt thee, good Man?

Ana. He hath very much disorder'd my two Ears, and bruised me exceedingly.

Sir John. You deserve it, for a meddling Coxcomb; go to your Book, you ignorant Sot, and read, learn to rely more upon good Sense, and less upon your new Light, Blockhead.

Lady. O Wickedness! was ever poor Lady so miserable, so horridly miserable in a brutish Husband, as I am? I that am so pious and so religious a Woman!

Ana. She is a holy and a sanctified Person, truly.

Job. Sings. *He that has the best Wife,*

She's the Plague of his Life,

And ten times a Day hoop her Barrel, &c.

[Exit.

Lady. O Rogue, Scoundrel, Villain!

Sir John. Remember Modesty.

Lady.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Lady. I'll rout ye all with a Vengeance, I'll spoil your squeaking Treble. [*Beats the Fiddle about the blind Man's Head.*]

Fid. O Murder, Murder! I am a dark Man, which way shall I get hence? Oh Heav'n! she has broke my Fiddle, and undone me and my Wife and Children.

Sir John. Here, poor Fellow, take your Staff and be gone, There's Money to buy you two such; that's your way.

Fid. Heaven preserve your Worship. — Bless you, sweet Master — here's a Change indeed — little did ever I think to find such Doings in this Hall Place.

Lady. Methinks you are very liberal, Sir; must my Estate maintain you in your Profuseness?

Sir John. Go up to your Closet, pray, and compose your Mind.

Lady. O wicked Man! to bid me pray.

Sir John. A Man can't be compleatly curs'd, I see, without Marriage; but since there is such a thing as separate Maintenance, she shall To-morrow enjoy the Benefit of it.

AIR XII. Of all Comforts I miscarry'd.



Of the States in Life so various,
 Marriage, sure, is most precarious;
 'Tis a Maze so strangely winding,
 Still we are new Mazes finding;
 'Tis an Action so severe,
 That nought but Death can set us clear;

Happy's

The Devil to Pay; Or,

*Happy's the Man, from Wedlock free,
Who knows to prize his Liberty:*

Were Men wary,

How they marry,

We shou'd not be by half so full of Misery.

[Knocking at the Door.]

Here, where are my Servants? Must they be frighted from me?

— Within there — *Chip*, see who knocks.

Lady. Within there. — Where are my Sluts? Ye Drabs, ye Queans — Lights there.

Enter Servants, sneaking, with Candles.

But. Sir, it is a Doctor that lives ten Miles off; he practises Physick, and is an Astrologer; your Worship knows him very well; he is a Cunning-Man, makes Almanacks, and can help People to their Goods again.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Sir I humbly beg your Honour's Pardon for this unreasonable Intrusion; but I am benighted, and 'tis so dark that I can't possibly find my way home; and knowing your Worship's Hospitality, desire the Favour to be harbour'd under your Roof To-night.

Lady. Out of my House, you lewd Conjuror, you Magician.

Ana. Avaunt, thou Instrument of Satan, I defy thee and all thy Works. — Thou wicked Sorcerer, avaunt!

Doct. Here's a Turn! — Here's a Change! — Well, if I have any Art, ye shall both smart for this. [*Aside*.

Sir John. You see, Friend, I am not Master of my own House; therefore to avoid any Uneasiness, go down the Lane about a Quarter of a Mile, and you'll see a Clobber's Cottage, stay there a little, and I'll send my Servant to conduct you to a Tenant's House, where you'll be well entertain'd.

Doct. I thank you, Sir, I'm your most humble Servant. — But as for your Non-con, and his furious She-Disciple there, they shall this Night feel my Resentment. [*Exit*.

Sir John. Come, Madam, you and I must have some Conference together.

Lady. Yes, I will have a Conference and a Reformation too in this House, or I'll turn it upside down — I will.

AIR XIII. Contented Country Farmer.



*Tell me no more of This, or That,
Of Flights and Whims, you know not what;
I will reform this servile Rout,
Or turn the House quite inside out:
Therefore be certain from this Day,
I will command, whilst you obey.*

*Sir John. Grant me, ye Pow'rs! but this Request,
And let who will the World contest;
Convey her to some distant Shore,
Where I may ne'er behold her more;
Or let me to some Cottage fly,
In Freedom's Arms to live and die.*

[Exeunt.

Ana. My Mind misgives me these Varlets have left some good thing in the Bowl there; but hold, is it not a wasselling, superstitious Spice-Bowl? Let me see ——— Hah! it is very comfortable, and edifieth; there's a huge Island of Toast, Nutmeg and Sugar, I will attack it, nay I will lay close Siege to it. — It is cheering; I have a Paper with some Parmezan in my Pocket, which will eat very deliciously with it. — This is also a pleasing Liquor; I will drink thereof plentifully, and eat

C

Toast

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Toast most exceedingly. — My Spirits are enlivened as it were, and even excited unto much Joy and Gladness.

AIR XIV. *Troy Town.*

*What tho' this Punch be most prophane,
It warms the Heart, and cheers the Soul;
It drowns our Zeal, and cures all Pain,
Which may our tipling Joys controul:
Then since of Mirth this is the Spring,
Thus free from Care I'll drink and sing.*

Enter Butler, and Cook.

Cook. O that sweet-tooth'd, liquorish Hypocrite, who is always eating, and looks as if he had never eat!

But. His Meat does him no more good, than his Doctrine does others; stand close, you'll see him devour that Punch-Toast in a Moment; nor will he be contented till he drains the Bowl.

Cook. It will disguise him most wickedly, and make him as drunk as one of the Prophane.

Ana. It doth begin to invade my upper Region, my Pericranium seemeth to be inclined unto much Giddiness — the Room appeareth to turn round as it were, and I have a strange ungodly Singing in my Head.

*Then since of Mirth this is the Spring,
Thus free from Care, I'll drink and sing.*

But. He is overtaken with too much of the Creature.

Cook. 'Tis a most seasonable Time, I am just going to send up Supper, and my Lady won't eat without his Grace.

But.

Wives Metamorphos'd.

19

, quickly, he's now in a sweet Pickle for a Grace
Quarter of an Hour long, as he us'd to make 'em.

[Exit Cook.

Ana. Where am I, in the Battery, or in my own Closet? A
most excellent Spice, verily.

[Sings.

*Then since of Mirth this is the Spring,
Thus free from Care I'll drink and sing.*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Supper is on the Table, Mr. *Ananias*, and my Lady
waits for your Blessing.

Ana. Is it Supper-time, say you? Now I think on't, I begin
to be somewhat hungry, as it were.

But. Pray, Sir, make haste, my Lady grows impatient.

Ana. What is the matter with me? I think my Feet are a-
sleep, I cannot use them, truly — my Eyes are somewhat dim
too: Which is the way?

But. The Rogue hears my Master intends to turn over a new
Leaf, and he has a mind to wind about; but this shan't serve
his Turn, he's a Fanatick Rogue still.

[*They lead him out staggering, and singing.*

*Then since of Mirth this is the Spring,
Thus free from Care I'll drink and sing.*

SCENE III. *The Cobler's.*

Nell, and the Doctor.

Nell. Pray, Sir, mend your Draught, if you please; you are
very welcome, Sir.

Doct. Thank you heartily, good Woman, and to requite
your Civility, I'll tell you your Fortune.

Nell. O, pray do, Sir; I never had my Fortune told me in
my Life.

Doct. Let me behold the Lines of your Face.

Nell. I'm afraid, Sir, 'tis none of the cleanest; I have been
about dirty Work all this Day.

Doct. Come, come, 'tis a good Face, be not ashamed of it,
you shall shew it in greater Places suddenly.

Nell. O dear Sir, I shall be mightily ashamed; I want Daci-
ty when I come before great Folks.

Doct. You must be confident, and fear nothing; there is
much Happiness attends you.

Nell. Oh me! this is a rare Man; Heaven be thanked.

Doct. To-morrow before Sun-rise you shall be the happiest
Woman in this Country.

Jane.

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Nell. How, by To-morrow! alack-a-day! Sir, how be?

Doe. No more shall you be troubled with a surly Husband, that rails at, and straps you.

Nell. Lud! how came he to know that? he must be a Conjuror! Indeed my Husband is somewhat rugged, and in his Cups will beat me, but it is not much; he's an honest Pains-taking Man, and I let him have his way. Pray, Sir, take t'other Cup of Ale.

Doe. I thank you — believe me, To-morrow you shall be the richest Woman i'th' Hundred, and ride in your own Coach.

Nell. O Father! you jeer me.

Doe. By Heaven! I do not. But mark my Words, be confident, and bear all out, or worse will follow.

Nell. Never fear, Sir, I warrant you — O Gemini! a Coach!

AIR XV. Send home my long-stray'd Eyes.



*My swelling Heart now leaps with Joy,
And Riches all my Thoughts employ;*

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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*No more shall People call me Nell,
Her Ladyship will do as well,
Deck'd in my golden, rich Array,
I'll in my Chariot roll away,
And shine at Ring, at Ball, and Play.*

Enter Jobson.

Job. Where is this Quean? Here, *Nell!* What a Pox, are you drunk with your Lamb's Wool?

Nell. O Husband! here's the rarest Man — he has told me my Fortune.

Job. Rot you! and has planted my Fortune too, a lusty pair of Horns upon my Head — Eh! — Is't not so?

Doct. Thy Wife is a virtuous Woman, and thoult be happy —

Job. Come out, you Hang-dog, you Jugler, you cheating, bamboozling Villain, must I be cuckolded by such Rogues as you are, Mackmaticians, and Almanack-makers?

Nell. Pr'ythee Peace, Husband, we shall be rich, and have a Coach of our own.

Job. A Coach! a Cart, a Wheel-barrow, you Jade — by the Mackin, she's drunk, bloody drunk, most confoundedly drunk. — Get you to Bed, you Strumpet. [*Beats her.*]

Nell. O Mercy on us! is this a Taste of my good Fortune?

Doct. You had better not have touch'd her, you surly Rogue.

Job. Out of my House, you Villain, or I'll run my Awl up to the Handle in your Buttocks.

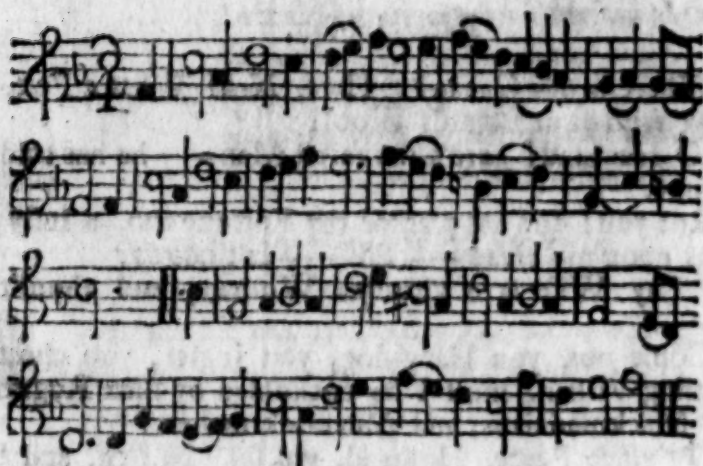
Doct. Farewel, you paltry Slave.

Job. Get out, you Rogue.

[*Exeunt.*]

C 3

SCENE

*The Devil to Pay; Or,*SCENE IV. *changes to an open Country.*Doctor, *solus.*AIR XVI. *The Spirit's Song in Macbeth.*

*My little Spirits now appear,
 Nadir and Abishog draw near;
 The time is short, make no Delay,
 Then quickly haste and come away:
 Nor Moon, nor Stars afford their Lights,
 But all is wrapt in gloomy Nights:
 Both Men and Beasts to rest incline,
 And all things favour my Design.*

Nadir and Abishog appear.

Nad. *Obedient to your Call, we run.*
 Abish. *Say, Master, what is to be done?*
 Doct. *My strict Commands be sure attend,
 For ere this Night shall have an end,
 You must this Cobler's Wife transform,
 And to the Knight's the like perform:
 With all your most specifick Charms,
 Convey each Wife to diff'rent Arms;
 Let the Delusion be so strong,
 That none may know the Right from Wrong.*

Nad.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Nad. *All this we will with Care perform,*

Abish. *In Thunder, Lightning, and a Storm.*

Doct. *The Non-con Parson so affright,
That he may ever rue this Night;
Throw him into convulsive Fits,
And quite bereave him of his Wits;
In hideous Forms surround his Bed,
And leave him little left than dead.
Let this be done ere Break of Day,
And then ye may go sport and play.*

Ambo. *We joyfully will all obey.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Sir John's.*

Enter Sir John, Ranger, and Valentine.

Sir John. Now, Gentlemen, tho' you have found my House in some Disorder, believe my Joy sincere to see two Friends so dear to me.

Ran. Sir, we measure your Pleasure by the Abundance of our own, at so happy a Meeting.

Val. Happy indeed, for five Years are an Age to absent Friends; for Marriage, Travel, Business, and your Retirement, *Sir John*, have thus separated us.

Sir John. Who for several Years of Youth and Gaiety, were never asunder.

Ran. I call, methinks, a pleasant Season back, and here's a Brimmer to the Remembrance of our past Pleasures.

Sir John. About with it.

Val. But 'tis now so late, Sir, that I fear we shall keep you too long from your Lady.

Sir John. Name her not, my Friends, and let me advise you never to marry.

Ran. Why, you have a handsome Lady, and a rich one.

Sir John. O Gentlemen! I wou'd readily change her for the Witch of *Eudor*, were she alive. I am link'd to an *Amazonian* Devil, such a perpetual Vixen, such a Shrew, with such an eternal Tongue! that to be lodg'd in a Paper-Mill wou'd be a Blessing, in comparison of her continual Clamour; nay, the most sonorous Noises in Confort are soft and gentle Harmony, to her single Voice.

Val. Surprising! And yet, methought, she look'd somewhat proudly too.

Ran. Perhaps our Stay may occasion farther Uneasiness; for your quiet, Sir, we had better leave you.

C 4

Sir John.

Sir John. By no means. — This Night shall be the last of her short Reign; To-morrow I intend to send her home again with her separate Maintenance, and then we'll spend the Holidays in Mirth and Freedom.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Sir, my Lady order'd me to tell you, she'll rout you and your Companions, if you sit up any longer.

Sir John. Away. — [*Exit Lucy.*] — Come, here's t'other Brimmer to my speedy Deliverance.

Val. We pledge you heartily.

Sir John. You must know then, that I have not only marry'd an indefatigable Scold, but a fanatical Chaplain into the Bargain; therefore beware of a Bigot or zealous Woman, for be she never so wicked herself, she is always so full of Spiritual Pride, she'll think you a very Devil.

Ran. I am sorry, *Sir John*, your Lady shou'd be the Subject of these Reflections.

Sir John. Then there's a thing call'd Separate Maintenance; a damn'd Invention to make Wives, Whores, and even worse if possible.

Val. I won'd not marry a Queen upon these Conditions.

Ran. That Man almost deserves to be wretched, who will not trust Experience, but at his own Cost.

Sir John. Right, but above all things avoid a base born or ill bred Woman, for she will prove a continual Curse; but one that's well bred, by the help of that will behave with some Discretion, or good Manners at least.

Ran. Come, Sir, hang it! let us drown these melancholy Speculations in a Glass to their short Duration.

Sir John. With all my Heart; we'll have a Catch too.

A I R

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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AIR XVII. *Bacchus* one Day gayly striding.



*Thus we'll drown all Melancholy,
In a Glass of gen'rous Wine;
Let dull Fools indulge their Folly,
And at Cares of Life repine:
But the brave and noble Spirit
Scorns such mean, ignoble Views;
Whilst the World proclaims his Merit,
He sublimer Joys pursues,*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Shame upon you, and your noisy Companions! I'll make your Glasses and your Bottles fly presently; and as for that lewd Minister of Debauchery, your Butler, I'll rout him for not bringing me the Key of the Cellar, a Rascal.

Val. Madam, we were just a going.

Lady. Going! yes, to make one another drunk, and sot all Night about it.

Sir John. This, Gentlemen, is my sweet, complaisant Lady.

Lady. Gentlemen! — your fellow Sots, your guzzling Drunkards. — To Bed — away.

Sir John

26 *The Devil to Pay; Or,*

Sir John. Here, Lights. ——— Your Apartments are ready;
In the Morning I'll wait on you, my Friends. You see I'm
under Correction. [*Exeunt Ranger and Valentine.*] Come, my
sweet Princess.

AIR XVIII. We all to conquering Beauty bow.



*The Man who won'd sum up in one,
All Plagues of Human Life;
If he but weds, as I have done,
Will find them in a Wife.
Fair tho' she seems in outward Form,
Be not by Looks betray'd;
Her Life is one continued Storm
Which never can be laid.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir John's House.*

Butler, Cook, and Footman.

BUTLER.

WE have been hard put to it to give these Gentlemens Servants their Bellies full.

Cook. But at last we have screwed them up to some Tune.

Foot. I am boozy, by the Lord *Harry!* and ripe for any Mischief. What say you, shall we put our Plot in Execution upon Non-con?

But. With all my Heart.

Cook. As fit a time as any. Are our Disguises, and the Jack Chains all ready?

Foot. They are, I have them here. He must be drunk, with a Pox to him, and could not say Grace.

But. Rot him, an old Dog, he reel'd against my Side-board, and broke at least twenty Shillings worth of Glassees and China; and tho' we all swore to his being drunk, our pious Lady would not believe a Word we said, but call'd us a Pack of perjur'd Rogues, and said the good Man had only eat something that did not agree with him.

Foot. Ay, when she sets upon a thing, she will have it her own way; and it were but Madness to attempt to convince her of her Error.

But. Or any Woman else, *Tom.*

A I R

*The Devil to Pay; Or,*AIR XIX. *Celadon, when Spring came on.*

*When the Mind
 Of Woman's blind,
 All Demonstration's vain;
 She nothing sees,
 But what will please
 Her own distemper'd Brain.
 Raving still,
 She'll have her Will,
 Her noisy Tongue
 Runs all Day long,
 And he who seeks
 To check her Freaks,
 As wisely may design
 To make the Word
 Of ev'ry Lord
 Pass current as his Coin,
 The gaming Rake
 His Dice forsake,
 Or Priests fall out with Wine.*

Foot. And that's impossible, I'm sure; no, no, your *Domine* loves his Bottle too well to quarrel with it.

Buc. And yet they disagree sometimes.

Foot. Yes, I believe what our Non-con has had don't very well agree with him; but my Lady, when he was so drunk we could not get him to himself, would needs have it he was in an Apoplexy.

Cook.

Cook. And made me heat a Frying-pan red hot to hold over his Pate.

Foot. She has employ'd her whole Skill in Physick upon him, and laid a huge Blister-Plaster between his Neck and Shoulders, which I dare say will make him roar before Morning.

Cook. His Head is raw with the Sindging, and if he had not began to bawl, I believe she would have carbonado'd him for his Apoplectick Drunkenness.

But. We shall have rare Sport when he wakes. He'll be plaguy sore, and will wonder what the Devil they have done to him.

Cook. He has now almost slept out his first Sleep, he'll wake half sober, horrid sick, and in great Pain; then will be the fittest time for us to begin to persecute him.

But. I'm afraid we shall distract him with the Fright.

Cook. If we make him mad, he may get some Wit by the Bargain; he is now so dull a Rogue, that any Alteration must be for the better.

But. Come, put on the Shapes.

Foot. Here, the Dog's will fit me; *John Cook* shall be the Bear, and you shall represent *Belzebub* himself.

But. Agreed; hang on the Chains. Hark how the Rogue snores, like the Drone of a Bagpipe. Let us withdraw into our Tying Room, and then enter.

[*The Scene opens, and discovers Ananias in Bed, the Servants enter.*]

Ana. Mr. *Chip*, why Butler *Chip*, some small Beer, let me have an Ocean of Small Beer.

But. He's between sleeping and waking, now to the Work.

Ana. Mercy on me! where have I been? I'm all on fire, my Head is on fire; Fire! Fire! Fire! What Noise is that? 'Tis Satan, verily: What Fiends are those in Chains? [*They rattle their Chains.*] Oh Faith! Faith! where art thou? Mercy! Mercy! I own I am frail, even as one of the wicked. Oh speak to me, Satan; sweet Satan, dear Satan, spare me; thou mistakest me, tempt me not, I am not righteous, I am wicked, yea, even as one of the Prophane; I am an Hypocrite, verily. Oh! spare me, sweet Satan!

[*They pull the Cloaths off the Bed, he holds them with all his Strength, and roars.*]

But. This is enough in the Dark, now let him behold us.

[*Brings in a Light.*]

Ana. Oh! Oh! I conceive there is a Light in the Room, if I dare look out. O terrible! What Fiend is this comes to me? it is like a Dog. Oh! I conjure thee, Fiend; say what thou art; if thou art a Dog, speak. Oh! Oh! what is here, a Bear? Avaunt!

Avaunt! avaunt! O good Satan, forbear. Now comes the chief Devil; I dare see no more; sweet *Belzebub*, spare me.

[*Roars out, and springs under the Bedclothes.*]

But. Art thou a true fear'd Hypocrite?

Ana. Yea, I am, I am.

But. Falsly zealous, and truly seditious?

Ana. Oh! Oh! I am, Sir.

But. Most immoderately given to your Gut?

Ana. Yea, yea, my great Delight is in Creature-Comforts.

But. By the help of which thou hast committed Carnality with Elders Wives and Daughters, and hast been much given to Concupiscence?

Ana. Most exceedingly.

But. You use not Copulation with the Wicked, for fear of Scandal?

Ana. No, only with the Righteous. — Good Sir, have done, I am half dissolv'd.

But. By this, thou gettest thy self made Executor and Trustee?

Ana. Oh! yes; it is the chief end of my Profession to prey on the Widow and Orphan.

But. Oh Rogue! [*It thunders and lightens.*] Ha! what a dreadful Thunder-clap was that!

Foot. What a Storm is rising!

Cook. Odsbobs! what a Clap was there! it shook the very House.

Foot. Come, let's be gone, we have tormented him enough.

Cook. No, no, this will help us better to affright him.

But. The Rogue can't pretend now to rail at auricular Confession, who has confessed, as he thinks, to the Devil.

AIR XX. Dear Pickaninny.



Lyes without number,
Such holy Lumber,
Frame to incumber
Your Conscience with Fear &

Ana.
In the
with
But

Na
Coo
Foot
four.
But
this?
Coo
three,
Foot

But
Ana
Na
What
But
Na
Ana
and I
Na
But
Coo
Foot

But
Coo
Foot
pado.
I
Sir
Are T
But
They Parson

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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*They wine and swivel,
Preach against Evil,
But to the Devil
They're only sincere.*

[It thunders again.]

Ana. Oh! I am almost dead! sure the Fiends are gone, and in that Thunder-Clap have carried away one End of the House with them.

But. Come, let us have t'other Bout with the Rogue.

Nadir rises.

Nad. Ay, come, come.

Cook. Ha! *Tom!* what's here? we are four now.

Foot. I am sure we were but three. Ha! one, two, three, four.

But. Ha! *John!* what's the Meaning of this? Who is this?

Cook. Nay, what-a-Pox know I? I am sure we were but three, we are increased one in number.

Foot. Faugh! what a Stink of Brimstone's here!

[*The Spirit is placing a Toad on a Plate.*]

But. Let's see what he is doing.

Ana. All is silent, I will now peep out. O Heaven!

Nad. Here, Parson, eat this Toad. [*Presents it on a Fork.*]
What, won't you eat a Toad?

But. Oh! what is this? My Hair begins to stand on end.

Nad. Eat this Toad, I say.

Ana. Oh! no, good Satan, I hate a Toad, it is so like Fish, and I can't endure Fish, because the Papists eat so much.

Nad. What will no body eat a Toad? [*Turns to the rest.*]

But.

Cook. } Oh, the Devil! the Devil!

Foot. }

[*They run out; Ananias roars; and the Scene shuts.*]

Butler, Cook, and Footman, re-enter.

But. Help! help!

Cook. The Devil! the Devil!

Foot. If ever I fright any body again, may I suffer the Strappado.

Enter Sir John with a Candle, and his Sword drawn.

Sir John. What Noises are these? Where are my Servants? Are Thieves broke into my House?

But. Oh, Sir! there have been strange Disturbances in the Parson's Chamber. Hark, Sir!

Ana.

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Ana. [*Within.*] The Devil! the Devil! Murder! Help!

Sir John. Hang him! the Rogue's drunk still; is it he that has disturb'd the House at this rate?

Enter Ananias, roaring, with a Blanket about him.

Ana. Oh the Devil! the Devil! avoid, thou Tempter.

Enter Ranger, and Valentine.

Ran. What is the Matter here?

Val. Oh, *Sir John*! we have heard such uncommon Noise in your House, we thought some Rogues were broke into it, and therefore came to your Assistance.

Sir John. I thank you, Gentlemen; no, it is only a drunken Zealot, that is very noisy and troublesome in his Cups.

Ana. Drunk! I defy thee, and all thy Works.

Val. Ha! What Apparition is that?

Bat. Apparition! where, where?

Ana. What is it here again? I have seen a Vision this Night.

Sir John. What, of Malt and Hops, Punch and Nantz Brandy? or a Fool's Head in a Looking-Glass? Take him, and lock him in his Chamber.

Ana. Have Mercy upon me! it is haunted with Devils; I have been tormented all Night. They have laid a Plaister of melted Brimstone upon my Neck and Shoulders, and singed my Head with sulphurous Flames. Oh the Devil, the Devil!

[The Servants hurry him off.]

Sir John. I am sorry, Gentlemen, this fanatick Rascal should disturb you; he was drunk last Night, and fancies he's haunted with Devils; the Rogue is only frighted by the Thunder and Lightning at this time of the Year.

Ran. Which has been the strangest I ever heard; I thought the House would have fallen, or at least part of it.

Val. Such Thunder in this Winter-Season is prodigious, methinks it should fright the Women out of their Wits.

Sir John. I could not wake my precious Dove, she lay as if she had been dead. I believe it is her Property to be silent in a Storm, and when every thing else is calm, to be in a Tempest; and no body can tell for what Reason, but a preposterous inclination to domineer.

AIR XXI. Over the Hills and far away.



*When the dreadful Thunder rolls,
Obedient 'tis to Nature's Laws;
But of Storms in Womens Souls,
No Mortal oft can guess the Cause:
Far from Reason apt to stray,
'Gainst themselves they idly pray,
When they covet Pow'r and Sway,
Who'd find it safest to obey.*

See what's a Clock.

Serv. 'Tis within half an Hour of Five, Sir.

Ran. 'Tis time then to hunt. You told us we should see your Harriers run.

Sir John. You may rest an Hour or two longer in your Chambers, we have Game enough at Hand.

Val. As you please, Sir.

Sir John. Bid the Grooms be ready; do you call us, *Butler*; and *Cook*, get something for Breakfast. Come, Gentlemen, we go one way.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Nadir and Abithog.

Nad. Spirit! well met, 'tis time we now be gone,
Our Master's Work of Transformation's done.

D

AIR

AIR XXII. *The Yorkshire Tale.*

Abish. *The Charm on the Women is now wrought so sure,
For the Time it's intended, it's like to endure,
That Madam's damn'd termagant Air it may cure.
With an up and down, hey derry, &c.*

Nad. *The poor Cocker's Wife, in her Ladyship's Place,
No Eye whatsoe'er can distinguish her Face,
Nor will her mild Temper her Title disgrace.
With an up and down, hey derry, &c.*

Abish. *'Fore Night we again must transform them anew;
We act thus like Mortals, in all things you view,
Whose Business is ever to do, and undo,
With an up and down, hey derry, &c.*

SCENE *changes to the Cocker's House. Jobson at work. The Bed in view.*

Job. *What Devil has been abroad To-night? I never heard
such Claps of Thunder in my Life. I thought my little Hovel
would have flown away; but now all is clear again, and a fine
Star-light Morning it is. I'll settle my self to Work. Winter's
Thunder is Summer's Wonder.*

AIR

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AIR XXIII. Charming Sally.



*Of all the Trades from East to West,
The Cocker's past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which ev'ry Day is mending.
How great his Praise who can amend
The Souls of all his Neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his End,
But to his Last still labours.*

Lady. Heyday! what impudent Ballad-singing Rogue is that, who dares wake me out of my Sleep? I'll have you dead, you Rascal.

Job. What-a-Pox, does she talk in her Sleep? or is she drunk still? [Sings.]

Lady. Why, Villain, Rascal, Screech-Owl, who makest a worse Noise than a Dog hung in the Pales, or a Hog in a high Wind. Where are all my Servants? Some body come and hamstring this Rogue. [Knocks.]

D 2
1

Job.

Job. Why, how now, you brazen Quean! You must get drunk with the Conjuror, must you? I'll give you Money another time to spend in Lambs-Wool, you saucy Jade, shall I?

Lady. Monst'rous! What Dog is this? I can find no Bell to ring. Where are my Servants? They shall toss him in a Blanket.

Job. Ay, the Jade's asleep still; the Conjuror told her she should keep her Coach, and she is dreaming of her Equipage.

[Sings.

Lady. Why, Husband! Sir *John!* will you suffer me to be thus insulted?

Job. Husband! Sir *John!* what-a-pox, has she Knighted me? My Name's *Zekel* too; a good Jest, Faith.

Lady. Ha! he's gone, he is not in the Bed. Heaven! where am I? Foh! what loathsome Smells are here? Stinking Leather Breeches, and Leather Apron; Canvase Sheets, and a filthy ragged Curtain; a beastly Rug, and a Flock Bed. Am I awake, or is it all a Dream? What Rogue is that? Sirrah! Where am I? Who brought me hither? What Rascal are you?

Job. This is amazing, I never heard such Words from her before. If I take my Strap to you, I'll make you know your Husband. I'll teach you better Manners, you saucy Drab.

Lady. Oh astonishing Impudence! You my Husband, Sirrah? I'll have you hang'd, you Rogue; I'm a Lady. Let me know who has given me a sleeping Draught, and convey'd me hither, you dirty Varlet?

Job. A sleeping Draught! yes, you drunken Jade, you had a sleeping Draught with a Pox to you. What, has not your Lambs-Wool done working yet?

Lady. Where am I? Where has my villanous Husband put me? *Lucy! Lettice!* Where are my Queans?

Job. Ha, ha, ha! what does she call her Maids too? The Conjuror has made her mad as well as drunk.

Lady. He talks of Conjurors; sure I am bewitch'd. Ha! what Cloaths are here? a Lindsey-woolsey Gown, a Calicoe Hood, a red Bays Petticoat, and Shoes with Hobnails in 'em; I am remov'd from my own House by Witchcraft. What must I do? What will become of me?

Job. Hark! the Hunters and the merry Horns are abroad. Why *Nell*, you lazy Jade, 'tis break of Day; to Work, to Work, come, and spin, you Drab, or I'll tan your Hide for you: What a Pox, must I be at work two Hours before you in a Morning?

Lady.

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Lady. Why, Sirrah, thou impudent Villain, dost thou not know me, Rogue?

Job. Know you, yes, I know you well enough, and I'll make you know me before I have done with you.

Lady. I am Sir *John Loverule's* Lady; how came I here?

Job. Sir *John Loverule's* Lady! no, *Nell*, not quite so bad neither; that damn'd, stingy, fanatick Whore plagues every one that comes near her, the whole Country curses her.

Lady. Nay, then I'll hold no longer; you Rogue, you insolent Villain, I'll teach you better Manners.

[Flings Bedstaff and other things at him.]

Job. This is more than I ever saw by her, I never had an ill Word from her before. Come, Strap, I'll try your Mettle; I'll sober you, I warrant you, Quean.

[He straps her, she flies at him.]

Lady. I'll pull your Throat out; I'll tear out your Eyes; I'm a Lady, Sirrah. Oh, Murder! Murder! Sir *John Loverule* will hang you for this; Murder! Murder!

Enter Gaffar Dungfork.

Dung. What is the Matter here, Neighbour *Jobson* I was going to fodder my Cattle, and heard Murder cried out.

Lady. Here, you Fellow, do you know Sir *John Loverule*?

Dung. Know him! ay, he is my Landlord, and an honest Gentleman he is, as any in the County.

Job. Pr'ythee don't mind her, Neighbour, she got drunk last Night with a Conjuror, and is half mad still.

Lady. I'm Sir *John Loverule's* Lady, brought hither. I know not how, to be abus'd and beaten by this audacious Villain.

Job. Look you, did I not tell you she was mad? Come, Hussy, I shall fetch you to your Spindle.

Dung. Hold you, Neighbour, this is a pretty Whirligig; I know my Lady, and you too; Goody *Jobson*, well enough; I am sorry to see this. My Lady, quoth she!

[Looks at her with a Candle.]

Job. What a Pox, do you think I don't know my own Wife? That Mole under her left Eye.

Dung. My Lady! no, Neighbour *Jobson*, thou art a better Woman, no Disparagement to her; she's the confoundedst Jade that e'er came into the Parish, the whole Country curses her.

Job. Ay, a Pox on her, she gave me three or four damn'd Blows on the Pate last Night, in her own House.

Lady. I did so; I remember you; I did give you those Blows in my House, last Night; I'll give you a Hundred Pounds if you will carry me home again; I am she indeed.

Dung. Why, what do you think I am blind? I tell you, I know my Lady, a plaguy Queen, the whole Country rings of her.

Lady. This is a Conspiracy of Rognes.

[She falls upon the Countryman, and beats him.]

Dung. If she be not my Lady, she has learnt of my Lady. Help, help!

[Exit.]

Lady. Is this my villanous Husband's Revenge upon me? Here are Cloaths! Rags; Faugh! Oh, miserable Woman! I shall be deliver'd, and make them rue for this Usage of me.

Enter Jobson, with a Spindle.

Job. Come, Hussy, leave Fooling, and come to your Spinning, or else I'll lamb you, you ne'er were so lamb'd since you were an Inch long. Take it up, you Jade.

[She flings it down, he straps her.]

Lady. Hold, hold, I'll do any thing.

Job. Oh! I thought I should bring you to your self again.

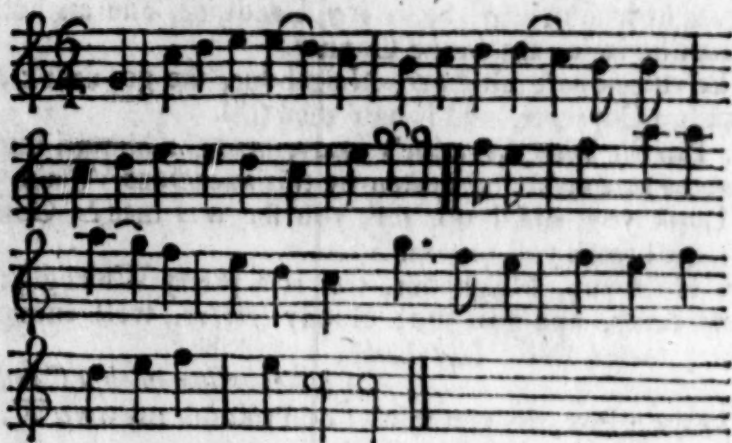
Lady. What shall I do? I can't Spin.

[Aside.]

Job. I'll into my Stall; 'tis broad Day, now.

[Works and sings.]

AIR XXIV. Come, let us prepare.



*Let Matters of State
Disquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his Wife
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can strap if she vex him.*

He's

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• *He's out of the Pow'r
Of Fortune, that Whore,
Since low as can be, she has thrust him;
From Duns he's secure,
For being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.*

Heyday, I think the Jade's Brain is turn'd. What, have you forgot to Spin, Huffy?

Lady. But I have not forgot to run. I'll e'en try my Feet;
I shall find somebody in the Town, sure, that will succour me.
[*She runs out.*]

Job. What, does she run for it? I'll after her.
[*He runs out.*]

SCENE *changes to Sir John's House; Nell
in Bed.*

Nell. What pleasant Dreams I have had To-night! Methought I was in Paradise, upon a Bed of Violets and Roses, and the sweetest Husband by my Side. Ha! bless me, where am I now? What Sweets are these? No Garden in the Spring can equal them; not new blown Roses with the Morning Dew upon them. Am I on a Bed? The Sheets are Sarsenet sure, no Linen ever was so fine. What a gay, silken Robe have I got? Oh Heaven! I dream! Nothing but Gold, and Lace, Embroidery and Fringe. If this be a Dream, I would not wish to wake again. Oh what fine gold carv'd Work is there! Oh, Father! there's a Glass! there's a sumptuous Carpet upon the Table! and all Silver Plate! Sure, I died last Night, and went to Heaven, and this is it.

D 4

AIR

The Devil to Pay; Or,

AIR XXV. When all was wrapt.



*Sure all is Paradise around,
 Where'er I cast my Eyes,
 New Beauties do my Sense confound,
 And fill me with Surprise.
 Ye Pow'rs! let all things real seem,
 To come, as well as pass;
 Or if it proves but all a Dream,
 O make it ever last!*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Now must I wake an Alarm that will not lie still again till Midnight, at soonest; the first Greeting, I suppose, will be Jade, or Whore. Madam! Madam!

Nell. Oh Gemini! who's this? What do'st say, Sweetheart?

Lucy. Sweetheart! Oh Lud, Sweetheart! the best Names I have had these three Months from her, have been Slut, or Whore. — What Gown and Ruffles will your Ladyship wear To-day?

Nell. What does she mean? Ladyship! Gown! and Ruffles! Sure I am awake; I remember the Cunning-Man, now.

Lucy. Did your Ladyship speak?

Nell. Ay, Child, I'll wear the same I did Yesterday.

Lucy. Mercy upon me! Child! Here's a Miracle!

Enter Lettice.

Let. Is my Lady awake? Have you had her Shoe or her Slipper flung at your Head yet?

Lucy.

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Lucy. Oh, no, I'm overjoy'd; she's in the kindest Humour! go to the Bed and speak to her, now is your time.

Let. Now's my Time! what, to have another Tooth beat out Madam?

Nell. What dost say, my Dear? Father! what would she have?

Let. What Work will your Ladyship be pleas'd to have done To-day? Shall I work Plain-work, or go to my Stitching?

Nell. Work, Child! 'tis Holiday; no Work To-day.

Let. Oh Mercy! am I, or She awake? or do we both dream? Here's a blest Change!

Lucy. If it continues, we shall be a happy Family.

Enter Boy, with Billets.

Boy. Now I shall be condemn'd to the Dog-Whip, perhaps for a Breakfast.

Nell. Who's that?

Boy. Some Billets, Madam, for the Fire.

Nell. That's a good Boy.

Boy. O Lud! O Lud! Is that my Lady? [Runs out.]

Nell. Pry'thee, Sweetheart, give me my things, I'll rise, I can't abide to lie in Bed.

Lucy. Have I my Senses, or no?

Nell. This was a rare Cunning-Man. He said I must bear it out; but I am so amazed, I know not what to do. [Aside.]

Lucy. Here's your Ladyship's Gown.

Nell. Where are my Eyes? This is a Robe fit for an Angel. I shan't know my Self? [Aside.]

Let. Your Ladyship's Chocolate is ready.

Nell. Mercy on me! what's that? Some Garment, I suppose. [Aside.] Put it on then, Sweetheart.

Let. Put it on, Madam! I have taken it off, 'tis ready to drink.

Nell. I mean, put it by, I don't care for drinking now.

Enter Boy, and Cook.

Cook. Now go I like a Bear to the Stake, to know her Scurvy Ladyship's Commands about Dinner. How many rascally Names must I be call'd?

Boy. You're mistaken, there never was such a Change; she's nothing but Goodness; 'twill rejoice you to hear her speak.

Cook. Do you banter, you Bastard? I'll lug your Ears, Sirrah, if you play the Rogue with me.

Let.

Let. Oh, *John Cook!* you'll be out of your Wits to find my Lady in so sweet a Temper.

Cook. What a Devil, are they all mad?

Lucy. Madam, here's the Cook come about Dinner.

Nell. Oh! there's a fine Cook! He looks like one of your Gentlefolks. [*Aside.*] Indeed, honest Man, I'm very hungry now, pray get me a Rasher upon the Coals, a piece of one milk Cheese, and some white Bread.

Cook. Hey! what's to do here? my Head turns round. Honest Man! I look'd for Rogue or Rascal, at least. She's strangely changed in her Diet, as well as her Humour. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid, Madam, Cheese and Bacon will sit very heavy on your Ladyship's Stomach, in a Morning. If you please, Madam, I'll toss you up a white Fricassee of Chickens in a trice, Madam; or what does your Ladyship think of a Veal Sweetbread?

Nell. E'en what you will, good Cook.

Cook. Good Cook! good Cook! Ah! 'tis a sweet Lady.

Enter Butler.

Oh! kiss me, *Chip*, I am out of my Wits; we have the kindest sweetest Lady.

But. You shamming Rogue, I think you are out of your Wits, all of ye; the Maids look merrily too.

Lucy. Here's the Butler, Madam, to know your Ladyship's Orders.

Nell. Oh! pray Mr. *Butler*, let me have some Small Beer when my Breakfast comes in.

But. Mr. *Butler!* Mr. *Butler!* I shall be turn'd into Stone with Amazement. [*Aside.*] Would not your Ladyship rather have a Glass of *Frontinac*, or *Lacryme*?

Nell. O dear! what hard Names are there; but I must not betray my self. [*Aside.*] Well, which you please, Mr. *Butler*.

Enter Coachman.

But. Go, get you in, and be rejoiced as I am.

Coach. The Cook has been making his Game I know not how long. What, do you banter too?

Lucy. Madam, the Coachman.

Coach. I come to know if your Ladyship goes out To-day, and which you'll have, the Coach, or Chariot

Nell. Good lack-a-Day! I'll ride in the Coach, if you please.

Coach. The Sky will fall, that's certain.

[*Exit.*

Nell. I can hardly think I am awake yet. How well pleased

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sed they all seem to wait upon me! O notable Cunning-man! My Head turns round; I am quite giddy with my own Happiness; I'll retire, and give Heaven Thanks for this. [*Aside.*] Where's the Common-Prayer Book?

Lucy. Common-Prayer Book! Here's a Turn! What will Non-con say! [*Aside.*] Your Ladyship has none, but here's my Master's.

Nell. Thank you, Sweetheart.

[*Nell goes out.*]

Lucy. Well, my Lady is now so kind, one would go thro' Fire and Water to serve her; but before, all her Commands were Burthens to ev'ry one.

AIR XXVI. Whilst I gaze on *Cloe* trembling.



All unwilling, pay Submission,
When their Rulers are severe;
Men bewail their hard Condition:
If Oblig'd to act thro' Fear.
Tyrants may find out Expedients,
Service to extort by Force!
Yet the Mind yields no Obedience,
But where Love directs its Course.

Enter

*Enter Sir John, Ranger, and Valentine.**Sir John.* How do you like our Sport, Gentlemen? I think we have had a smart Turn or two.*Ran.* I never follow'd fleetest Dogs.*Val.* I hate your meer fleet Hounds that kill presently in view, 'tis no better than Courfing.*Sir John.* Methinks there's a Pleasure to see them hit it off at a Fault, as well as in Riding.*Val.* And to see the Shifts and Doubles an old Hare will make for her Life, faith, is surprizing.*Sir John.* To-morrow, Gentlemen, you shall see my Fox-Hounds run, and then I will lead you a Dance. Hunting is to me the most agreeable Diversion, as well as wholesomest Exercise the Country affords.

AIR XXVII. Whilst the Town agrees with Polly.



*Hounds and Horns o'er Plains resounding,
 Echoes from the Hills rebounding,
 Fill the Sportsman's Heart with Joy;*

Let,

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*Let, while to the Chace inviting,
Health and Pleasure are uniting,
Tops-o'er Tea their Time destroy.*

But. Oh, Sir! here's the rarest News!

Lucy. There never was the like, Sir; you'll be overjoy'd and amaz'd.

Sir John. What, are you mad? What's the matter with ye?

Enter Coachman, and more Servants.

How now! here's a new Face in my Family; what's the Meaning of all this?

But. Oh, Sir! the Family is turn'd upside down. We are almost distracted; the happiest People!

Lucy. Ay, my Lady, Sir, my Lady.

Sir John. What, is she dead?

But. Dead! Heaven forbid; O! she's the best of Women, the sweetest Lady!

Lucy. The dearest, kindest Lady; and you the happiest Man living. She has oblig'd us so, we could all live and die with her.

Omnes. All, all of us; Long live her Ladyship. Heaven bless her Ladyship.

But. I could kiss the Ground she goes on.

Les. I could lick the Dirt off her Shoes; she is the gentlest Lady breathing.

Sir John. Pray give me Breath a little. What do you mean?

But. 'Tis true, Sir, by all the Wine in my Cellar; go into her your self, and be witness of her Conversion. None but Heaven could work such a Miracle.

Sir John. This is astonishing! Gentlemen, you see I am much surprized; if you please to dress, I'll go in the mean time and enquire into this Wonder.

Lucy. Sir, you may pull off your Boots and Dress first, for she's at Prayers with the Common-Prayer Book in her Closet.

Sir John. How! Common-Prayer Book! New Prodigies! What miraculous Power has wrought so great a Change in her? My Friends, if this be true, I shall rejoice indeed.

But. 'Tis true, Sir, upon Honour. Long live Sir Richard and my Lady! Huzzah!

[Exit Sir Richard.]

A I R



Lucy.

*Like Felons, or Debtors,
In Bondage and Fetters,
We long have been mourning;
Now Freedom's returning,
Let's bless our Condition,
And, without Division,
Unite all, our Love and our Duty to show.*

But.

*Like Slaves in a Galley,
We've been abus'd daily,
But now with kind Treatment our Courage we'll rally
Let's join then in Chorus,
Since now we've before us,
A Prospect of ending our Pains and our Woe.*

Let.

The End of the Second Act.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir John's House.*

Nell and Lucy.

NELL.

I WELL remember the Cunning-Man warn'd me to bear all out with Confidence, or worse, he said, wou'd follow. I am asham'd, and know not what to do with all this Ceremony: I am amaz'd, and out of my Senses. I look'd in the Glass, and saw a gay finething I knew not; methought my Face was not at all like that I have seen at home in a piece of Looking-Glass fasten'd upon the Cupboard. But great Ladies, they say, have flattering Glasses, that shew them far unlike themselves, whilst poor Folks Glasses represent them e'en just as they are.

AIR XXIX. When I was a Dame of Honour.



*Fine Ladies with an artful Grace,
Disguise each native Feature;
Whilst flatt'ring Glasses shew the Face,
As made by Art, not Nature:*

But

*But we poor Folks in home-spun Grey,
By Patch nor Washes tainted,
Look fresh and sweeter far than they,
That still are finely painted.*

Lucy. O Madam! here's my Master just return'd from Hunting.

Enter Sir John.

Nell. O Gemini! this good Gentleman my Husband!

Sir John. My Dear, I am overjoy'd to see my Family thus transported with Ecstasy which you occasion'd.

Nell. Sir, I shall always be proud to do every thing that may give you Delight, and your Family Satisfaction.

Sir John. By Heaven! I am charm'd; dear Creature, if thou continuest thus, I had rather enjoy thee than the *Indies*. But can this be real? May I believe my Senses?

Nell. All that's good above can witness for me, I am in earnest. [Kneels.]

Sir John. Rise, my Dearest; but what has wrought so admirable a Change in so short a time?

Nell. Alas, Sir! I never did offend you, nor any Body else.

Sir John. What does she mean? [Aside.] I have not known a Calm within my House these six Weeks before; but Yesternight you triumph'd over me, and all my Family; was not that an Offence?

Nell. It was not I, I sure was not my self then: Indeed I find my self so much alter'd, that I scarce know who I am; 'tis sure Heaven's Doing, and I can never have another Mind, 'tis strange I ever had, methinks.

Sir John. Now am I happy indeed; Joy! Joy! Oh Heart, make room for Joy, or 'twill overwhelm me—— I can scarce contain my self. Where are my Friends, my Servants? call 'em all, and let them be Witnesses of my Happiness.

Nell. O Lud! how shall I behave my self before these Gentlefolks? [Aside.]

Sir John. And wilt thou never quarrel with me more, nor shew thy Fury amongst the Servants?

Nell. O Lud! I chide! I'll cut my Tongue out first.

Sir John. Sure, 'twas an Angel spoke within thee. Thou art now the best of all thy Sex; and I hope you are at last convinc'd that the Fanatick Chaplain was drunk last Night. Wou'd you but consent that I shou'd discharge him, there wou'd then be nothing wanting to compleat my Happiness.

Nell.

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Nell. Yes, Heaven forbid else; what, shall I disobey my Lord and Master?

Sir John. Thus let me embrace my dearest Love, and here O seal this Promise with a Kiss.

Nell. O rare, sweet Man! he smells all over like a Nose-gay. — Heaven preserve my Wits.

AIR XXX. 'Twas within a Furlong, &c.



Nell. O charming Cunning-Man! thou has been wond'rous kind,
 And all thy golden Words do now prove true I find;
 Ten thousand Transports wait,
 To crown my happy State,
 Thus kiss'd, and press'd,
 And doubly bless'd
 In all this Pomp and State:
 New Scenes of Joy arise,
 Which fill me with Surprise;
 My Rock, and Reel,
 And Spinning-Wheel,
 And Husband I despise;
 Then Jobson, now adieu,
 Thy Cobling still pursue,
 For hence I will not, cannot, no, nor must not buckle to.

Enter Ranger, Valentine, and Servants.

Sir John. Welcome, my Friends, behold this Day here stands
 the happiest Man the Sun shines on: I am even transported be-
 yond

yond my self: I here proclaim a Jubilee to all my Family; summon in all the Country, and let my Doors be open to all; send for Fiddles, Trumpets, and every Instrument to proclaim my Joy; let all the Bells in the Hundred ring. Here, Gentlemen, is the best of Women, the kindest Wife, and the gentlest Mistress in the World to her Family; to her I owe this abundant Felicity.

Nell. Dear Sir, you put me out of Countenance, I blush, and am sorry I ever anger'd you; but indeed I'll do you all the Good I can hereafter.

Serv. Bless my good Lady! Long live her Ladyship! We'll live and die with her.

Sir John. My Dear, you forget you affronted these Gentlemen last Night, pray make an Apology to 'em.

Nell. Gentlemen, I am sorry I was uncivil, I was not my self, and hope you'll forgive me.

Rang. We are your Ladyship's humble Servants; and do now largely share the Joy which possesses the Family.

Val. Joy, Joy to the Bridegroom and the Bride, for now 'tis a new and happy Wedding.

Sir John. 'Tis true, some three Months since I espous'd her Body, but now I'm marry'd to her Mind; this is a perfect Wedding, my Friends. Go send for all my Tenants, there shall be nought but Feasts and Revels here. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Nell. This will be a brave time; how I shall joy to see it.

AIR XXXI. What tho' I am a Country Lass.



Tho' late I was a Cobler's Wife,
In Cottage most obscure-a,
In plain-stuff Gown, and short-ear'd Coif,
Hard Labour did endure-a:
The Scene is chang'd, I'm alter'd quite,
And from poor humble Nell-a,
I'll learn to dance, to read, and write,
And from all bear the Bell-a.

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A Flourish of Musick without. Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Fiddlers were going by the House, having heard my Lady did not love Musick, but I thought it proper to call 'em in.

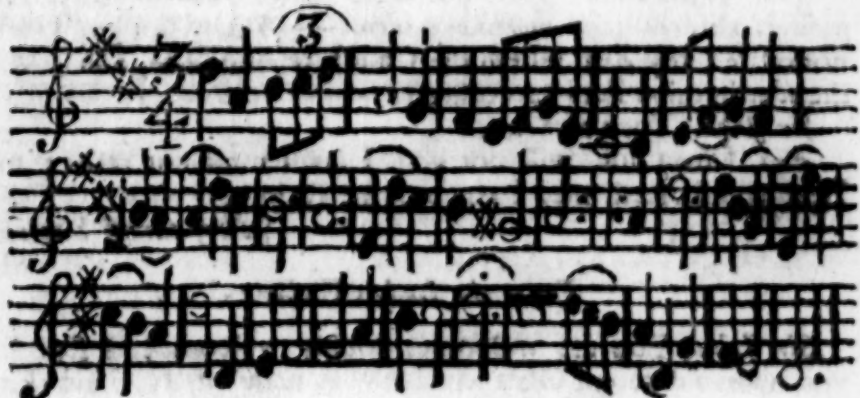
Sir John. You did well: Don't you love Musick, my Dear?

Nell. Nothing better, Sir.

Sir John. Let 'em enter. Now, Gentlemen, you shall hear an unfashionable Song in praise of Marriage, a Piece of my own Poetry in my last Wives time.

Enter Musick.

A I R XXXII. If Love the Virgin's Heart invade.



*Let the vain Spark consume his Store,
In keeping an expensive Whore,
For others to employ:
For all those Snares and Baits he pays,
Which she for other Gallants lays,
And he must least enjoy.*

*While we with Reason bless the Fate,
That brings us to the Marriage State,
The only happy Life;
Not all th' Enjoyments of a King,
His Wealth, his Pow'r, such Joy can bring,
As does a tender Wife.*

But. Sir, some of your Country Neighbours, hearing of the happy Change in your Family, desire to be admitted.

E 2

Sir John.

Sir John. Let 'em come in.[*A Dance.*]*Enter Ananias, wrapt up in his Nightcap.**Ana.* What meaneth this lewd Noise, this most prophane, abominable Singing and Jigging? Lady, I must rebuke thee, in pure Zeal I must rebuke thee; I cannot bear it.*Sir John.* Thou insolent Fool, be silent; I will have no Law-breakers, no canting Hypocrites within my Walls; you were drunk last Night, you Swine.*Ana.* I defy thy Words, thy false Maledictions; it was a Fit, I was taken with a Fit; a most grievous Fit. Lady, what say you? Are you become like one of the wicked ones?*Nell.* I will obey my Lord and Master; his Will is mine.*Sir John.* Retire to your Chamber, you Sot, and To-morrow I will tell you more of my Mind.*Ana.* What's this! she is not what she was,——*Jampridem mulieri ne credas ne mortua quidem.*——I may not go, I will not retire; my Zeal telleth me I must rebuke thee, and I will thunder in thine Ears exceedingly.*Sir John.* Turn him out.*Ana.* I may not, will not go; I say I must not retire; my Zeal transporteth me, I am become furious.[*They thrust him out.*]*Enter the Lady's Father.**Sir John.* You are welcome, doubly welcome: I sent for you upon a different Occasion to what now offers; kind Fate has order'd things much for the better, and we are all transported with excess of Joy. My Dear, salute your Father.*Nell.* Good Heaven! my Father! What meaneth this? Sure I shall be distracted; but I must bear it out. [Aside.][*She kneels.*]*Fath.* How! What's all this? 'tis superstitious, and favours of Idolatry.*Sir John.* 'Tis nothing more, Sir, than her great Humility.*Fath.* I like it not.*Nell.* I shall endeavour then to please you, Sir.*Fath.* 'Tis well; I am glad to see you and my Son-in-Law; but what's the Cause of this unwonted Joy and Transport?*Sir John.* The Cook has knock'd to Dinner; please to walk in, Sir, you shall there have a full Account, and be a Witness of our Happiness. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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SCENE II. Jobson's House.

Enter Lady.

Was ever Lady yet so miserable? I can't make one Soul in the Village acknowledge me; they sure are all of the Conspiracy. This wicked Husband of mine has laid a devilish Plot against me; I must at present submit, that I may hereafter have an Opportunity of executing my Design.

AIR XXXIII. *Saamy* was tall, &c.



*Was Woman e'er abus'd like me,
Convey'd thus into Filth and Noise,
And cheated into Misery,
A Stranger to my former Joys:
My Spouse a Cobler, black as Hell,
That straps me with so good a Grace,
But if I don't his Courage quell,
Then may I never quit this Place.*

Here comes the Rogue; I'll have him strangled; but now I must yield.

Enter Jobson.

Job. Come on, Nell, art thou come to thy self yet?

Lady. Yes, I thank you, I wonder what I ail'd; this Cunning-Man has put Powder in my Drink, most certainly.

E 3

Job.

Job. Powder! the Brewer put good store of Powder of Malt in it, that's all. Powder, quoth she! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. I never was so all the Days of my Life.

Job. Was so, no, nor I hope ne'er will be so again, to put me to the trouble of strapping you so devilishly.

Lady. I'll have that right Hand cut off for that, Rogue. — You was unmerciful to bruise me so.

Job. Why, faith, I'm sorry for it; but it did you a great deal of Good tho'; why, you wou'd have been mad, and have call'd your self my Lady *Loverale* 'till this time else; come, come, why don't you spin?

Lady. I can't, you have bruis'd my Arms so; when they are well, I'll work hard.

Job. That's my good Girl; I'll buy some Plumbs to make thee a minc'd Pie: Come, let's be Friends, faith, kifs and Friends.

Lady. O cursed, impudent Rascal! What does he say?

[Turns from him.

Job. Nay, Pr'ythee now, faith, I won't strap thee so any more.

Lady. I must stay till this be well before I forget it.

Job. Nounz! if you go to that, I will kifs you.

[Kisses her, and smacks.

Lady. Oh, foh! how the Beast stinks of Cheese, Leather Apron, Pitch, Grease, foul Linen, and old Shoes.

[Aside.

Enter Gaffer Dungfork.

Dung. Why, Neighbour *Jobson*, why don't you put on your Band, and go to the Hall Place?

Job. What's the matter?

Dung. Matter! why there's such a Change, they are all out of their Wits; there's open House to be kept till *Candlemas* next; all the Tenants are sent for, you'll lose your Dinner.

Lady. What do I hear? Distraction! Here's fine Work indeed.

Job. What the Devil's the Occasion of all this? Is that damn'd Jade my Lady dead?

Dung. Nay, I know not, but hope she is with all my Heart, for she was a bitter bad one; but we shall hear anon, when we come there. Don't you hear the Bells ring? hark! — and there's Order given for all the Parishes hereabouts to ring; besides, Barrels of Beer, Flaggons of Brandy, and Alms to the Poor are order'd in abundance.

Lady. Death and Distraction! — Here's a Rout when I'm gone; did they pack me away for this? I shall have all my Estate run out at this rate.

Dung.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Dung. Come, come, make haste.

Lady. Husband, shan't I go with you?

Job. What the Devil ails thee now? Did I not tell thee but Yesterday, I wou'd strap thee for desiring to go, and art thou at it again, with a Pox?

Lady. What does the Villain mean by Strapping, and Yesterday?

Job. Why, I have been marry'd but six Weeks, and you long to make me a Cuckold already. Stay at home and be hang'd, there's good cold Pie in the Cupboard, but I'll trust thee no more with strong Beer, Huffy.

A I R XXXIV. There was a Maid in the West.



If you marry a Wife,
Buxom, young, and tender,
She'll be wanton for Life,
And the Deel can't mend her.
If she's ugly and old,
Then resolve to leave her;
But if she proves a Scold,
She will plague you for ever.

Lady. Well, you will have your way, I must do what you bid me.

Job. That's a good Wench. By to you. Come Neighbours.

[Exit.

Lady. And I'll not be long after you; sure I shall get some of my own Family to know me, they can't be all in this wicked Plot.

E 4

A I R

AIR XXXV. *The Budgeon it is a fine Trade.*

*Tho' raviſh'd from my Husband's Arms,
To dwell in Stench and Pain;
I'll break thro' all their Magick Charms,
And Liberty regain.*

*Then ſweet Revenge ſhall calm my Woer,
And every Grief aſſuage;
Whilst all who did my Blifs oppoſe,
Shall feel my pow'rful Rage.*

[Exit,

S C E N E III. *Sir John's.**Sir John and Company at Dinner.*

Fath. Son-in-Law, what is become of Mr. *Ananias*? Methinks I have not eaten with an Appetite, becauſe he bleſſed not the Creature.

Sir John. He is ſick, Sir; to tell you the Truth, he was drunk laſt Night, I am ſorry to ſay it.

Fath. Son-in-Law, I know thou art but lukewarm in thy Zeal towards the Righteous, and art glad to ſay it, but I believe it not.

Sir John. Pardon me, Sir, I do not uſe to lye, my whole Family are Witneſſes of it.

Fath. I fear they are all too much of the ſame Batch; will my Daughter affirm this?

Nell. I muſt needs agree with *Sir John*.

Fath. Well, perhaps he might be overtaken unawares, tranſported with Zeal, and ſo the ſooner overtaken, which makes it not a Sin, but a Frailty in the Righteous. I muſt ſee him.

Sir John.

The Waves Metamorphos'd. 37

Sir John. But 'tis a Sin in us to be sure; excellent Doctrine!
Tho' Zeal stand Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Yet all who know the Word pass freely in.

Enter Ananias.

Fath. I am sorry to see you ill, Mr. *Ananias*.

Ana. Bless your Worship!

Fath. Now we have din'd, let the good Man return Thanks.

While he is preparing to say Grace, Enter Lady.

Lady. Here's a fine Rout and Rioting! You Sirrah, *Butler*, you Rogue.

But. Why how now! Who are you?

Lady. Impudent Varlet! don't you know your Lady?

But. Lady! here, turn this mad Woman out of Doors.

Lady. You Rascal, take that, Sirrah. [*Flings a Glass at him.*]

Foot. Have a Care, Hussy, there's a good Pump without, we shall cool your Courage for you.

Lady. You, *Lucy*, have you forgot me too, you Minx?

Lucy. Forgot you, Woman! why, I never remember'd you, I never saw you before in my Life.

Lady. Oh the wicked Slut! I'll give you Cause to remember me, I will, Hussy. [*Pulls her Headcloths off.*]

Lucy. Murder! Murder! help!

Sir John. How now! what Uproar's this?

You, *Lettice*, you Slut, won't you know me neither?
[*Strikes her.*]

Let. Help, help! —

Sir John. What's to do there?

But. Why, Sir, here's a Madwoman calls her self my Lady, and is beating and cuffing us all round.

Sir John. Some Christmas Frolick, some Neighbour to make her self merry, I suppose.

Nell. I warrant 'tis a Bess of Bedlam.

Lady. Oh! here's my Chaplain too, sure he's not in the Conspiracy against me. Mr. *Ananias*, you are a holy Man.

Ana. Yea, Woman, I am so. What wou'dst thou have?

Lady. What, are you blind like the rest? Do you not know your Lady, because I am dress'd in these filthy Rags? Look on me, I'm the most abus'd Lady —

Ana. Lady! Woman, thou art mad in truth.

Lady. What, are you corrupted, Sirrah, and brib'd to come into this Plot upon me? Base Villain! Is this a Return for all my Kindness to you? Nay, did I not save your Life no longer

longer ago than last Night, when I put the Plaister to your Shoulders, and held the red hot Pan over your Head?

Ana. O! this is the Sorceress that bewitch'd me last Night; lay hold on her, she is a Witch.

Fath. Why, Master *Ananias*, art thou not troubled in Spirit? This is surely a Gambol.

Lady. My Father here! My Grievs have so distracter' me, I did not see you; but now I'll not leave you till you revenge my Wrongs. What, my honour'd Father, will you not speak to me?

Fath. Woman, I know thee not, thou art an Harlot, I believe, Hands off.

Lady. Nay, then I'm miserable indeed.

Ana. She is a Witch, and hath confessed it unto me; I will have her burnt.

Sir John. There must be something more than ordinary in this Business.

[*Exeunt Fath. and Ananias.*]

Val. What the Devil can all this mean?

Ran. The Meaning's plain, some poor Madwoman got loose.

Sir John. [To *Lady.*] Thou my Wife! poor Creature, I pity thee; I never saw thee before.

Lady. Then it is in vain to expect Redress from thee, thou wicked Contriver of all my Misery.

Nell. How am I amaz'd! Can that be I, there in my Cloaths, that have made all this Disturbance? And yet I am here, to my thinking, in these fine Cloaths. How can this be? I am so confounded and affrighted that I begin to wish I was with *Zekel Jobson* again.

Lady. To whom shall I apply my self, or whither can I fly? Heaven! What do I see? Is not that, I, yonder, in my Gown and Petticoat I wore Yesterday? How can it be! I cannot be in two Places at once.

Sir John. Poor Wretch! she's stark mad.

Lady. What, in the Devil's Name, was I here before I came? Let me look in the Glass. Oh Heav'ns! I'm astonish'd, I don't know my self! If this be I that the Glass shews me, I never saw my self before.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

AIR XXXVI. Grim King of the Ghosts, &c.



*How truly compleat are my Woes!
Was ever so wretched a Case?
A Father and Husband my Foes,
And even to lose my own Face!
And what too still adds to my Pain,
Tho' Poverty now is my Lot,
My Pride and my Passions remain,
Which shou'd in these Rags be forgot.*

Sir John. What incoherent Madness is this?

Enter Jobson.

Lady. There, that's the Devil in my Likeness, who has robb'd me of my Countenance. Is he here too?

Job. Ay, Hussy, and here's my Strap, you Quean.

Lady. How inevitably wretched am I?

Nell. O dear! I'm afraid my Husband will beat me, that am on t'other side the Room there.

Job. I hope your Honours will pardon her, she was drinking with a Conjurer last Night, and has been mad ever since, and calls her self my Lady Loverule.

Sir John. Poor Woman! take care of her; do not hurt her, she may be cur'd of this.

Job. Yes, and please your Worship, you shall see me cure her presently. Hussy, do you see this?

Nell. O! pray Zekel, don't beat me.

Sir John. What says my Love? Does she infect thee with Madness too?

Nell. I am not well, pray lead me in.

*[Exeunt Nell and Maid.
Job]*

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Job. I beseech your Worship don't take it ill of me, she shall never trouble you more.

Sir John. Take her home, and use her kindly.

Lady. What will become of me? [*Exeunt* Jobson and Lady.]

Enter Butler.

Sir John. Where's my Father-in-Law?

But. Gone, Sir. He bad me tell you that he likes no *Christmas* Gambols, and he took this for one.

Val. It is a very odd one, take it all together, as e'er I saw.

Ran. Methought there seem'd to be some Method in her Madness; she did not know her self in the Glass.

Val. And your Lady, *Sir John*, utter'd some strange Words.

Sir John. She did so, which very much amaz'd me.

Ran. If I had the least Faith in Magick, I shou'd swear this was such.

Sir John. Now you put me in mind of it, there was something in the last part of her Behaviour very strange and surprizing.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir, the Doctor who call'd here last Night, desires you will give him leave to speak a Word or two with you, upon very earnest Business.

Sir John. What can this mean? Bring him in.

Enter Doctor.

Ran. We'll take a Turn, Sir, and wait on you again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Doct. Low on my Knees, Sir, I beg Forgiveness for what I have done, and put my Life into your Hands.

Sir John. What mean you?

Doct. I have exercis'd my Magick Art upon your Lady; I know you have too much Honour to take away my Life, since I might have still conceal'd it, had I pleas'd.

Sir John. You have now brought me to a Glimpse of Mi-sery too great to bear. Is all my Happiness then turn'd into Vi-sion only?

Doct. Sir, I beg you, fear not; if any Harm comes on it, I freely give you leave to hang me.

Sir John. What else but Harm did Magick e'er produce?

Doct. I never yet did Mischief by my Art; the aerial Spirits I command, are *Sylphs*, and never can do hurt.

Sir John. Inform me what you have done.

Doct. I have transform'd your Lady's Face so that she seems the *Cobler's* Wife, and have charm'd her Face into the Like-ness

ness of my Lady's; and last Night when the Storm arose, my Spirits convey'd them to each other's Bed.

Sir John. Oh Wretch! thou hast undone me, I am fallen from the Height of all my Hopes, and must still be curs'd with a tempestuous Wife, a Fury whom I never knew Quiet since I had her.

Doct. If that be all, I can continue the Charm for both their Lives.

Sir John. No, I'll have no Happiness from Hell. Let all my Blessings come from Heaven; let the Event be what it will, I'll hang you if you do not end the Charm this Instant.

Doct. I will this Minute, Sir; and perhaps you'll find it the luckiest of your Life; I can assure you, your Lady will prove the better for it.

Sir John. Hold, there's one material Circumstance I'd know.

Doct. Your Pleasure, Sir?

Sir John. Perhaps the Cobler has made me a Cuckold.

Doct. I do assure you, No; for ere she was convey'd to his Bed, the Cobler was got up to work, and he has done nought but beat her ever since, and you are like to reap the Fruits of his Labour.

Sir John. About the Business straight, whilst I send for 'em both hither. [Exit.

Enter Butler and Ananias.

But. You may depend upon it, there will be no staying for you in this Family; my Lady has given up all to my Master.

Ana. Why, look thee, *Edward Chip*, thou may'st be mistaken in me, I can conform in many things, rather than leave so good a House, and so good People.

But. Where there is such good Eating. [Aside.

Ana. At least I will conform outwardly. — Give me some Wine, they shall see what I can do.

Enter Footman, Cook, and other Servants.

But. Oh! you are come in good time to be merry with Mr. *Ananias*.

Ana. Ay, Gad, I'm in a merry Humour.

Cook. Here's a Turn for you!

Ana. Give me a Beer Glass. Come, the King and all the Royal Family, Huzzah! t'other, Here's Sir *John Loverule*. — Nay, Gad take me! give me a third, Here's my Lady, Huzzah! — Now all pledge me, and let every Bumper be a Facer; thus.

[Drinks.

Foot. Is that a Facer? Faith, 'tis very pretty.

Ana

The Devil to Pay; Or,

Ana. Nought? I'll have you to know I can be as good Com-
pany as e'er a Ranter of them all.

AIR XXXVII. Three Sheep Skins.



*Tho' to Opinion I'll ne'er die a Martyr,
Tho' to Opinion I'll ne'er die a Martyr,
Yet from the Truth,
E'er since my Youth,
I never was a Starter.
And Truth does shine
In sparkling Wine,
Then drink, and give no Quarter.*

But. Here's a Transformation!

Ana. Come, faith, I am cheery, let us have t'other Bumper
of Claret, and t'other Catch. [Drinks.]

AIR XXXVIII. Four and twenty Highwaymen.



*Of all the Joys beneath the Sun,
There's nothing like good Claret;
Let sober Fools the Blessing shun,
The Wise will never spare it:
So sound the Juice, so neat, so strong,
There's nothing shou'd debar it;
Then make the Burthen of your Song,
Let us drink good Claret;*

Chorus.

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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Chorus. *Drink good Claret,
Drink good Claret,
Let us drink good Claret.*

Huzzah! I'gad, I'm almost drunk.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Heyday! here's a Turn! here's an hypocritical Rogue! At this rate I shall have *Ovid's Metamorphoses* in my House, but I'm too much concern'd to mind this Diversion. — Here are my Friends.

Enter Ranger and Valentine.

Ran. What you have told us, *Sir John*, is most wonderful.

Val. Prodigious indeed, if it proves true.

Enter Jobson.

Sir John. So *Jobson*, have you brought your Wife?

Job. Yes, and please your Worship, she's here at the Door, but indeed I thought I had lost her just now; for a little before she came into the Hall Place, she fell into such a Swoon, that I thought she would never come out on't again; but a Tweak or two by the Nose, and half a Dozen Straps did the Business at last. Here, where are you, Housewife?

Sir John. Lights there —

Enter Lady.

[*Butler holds up the Candle, but lets it fall when he sees her.*]

But. O Heaven and Earth! is this my Lady?

Job. What does he say? my Wife chang'd to my Lady?

Cook. Ay, I thought the other was too good for our Lady.

Lady. [*To Sir John.*] Sir, you are the Person I have most offended, and here confess I have been the worst of Wives in every thing, but that I always kept my Body undefiled; it has pleas'd Heaven to punish me severely, and subject me to the Power of Enchantment; but now I am truly sensible of my Errors, and since I abhor them, and detest my self for my Guilt, I hope Heaven and you will pardon me. I will never rise from this supplicating Posture, 'till you say, you forgive me; and if you can vouchsafe once more to take me to your Bosom, the Remainder of my Days shall joyfully be spent in Duty, and Observance of your Will.

Sir John.

Sir John. Rise, Madam, I do forgive you; and if you are sincere in what you say, you'll make me happier than all the Enjoyments in the World without you could do.

Job. What a Pox! am I to lose my Wife thus?

Enter Lucy and Lettice.

Lucy. Oh, Sir! the strangest Accident has happen'd, it has amaz'd us; my Lady was in so great a Swoon, we thought she had been dead.

Let. And when she came to herself, she prov'd another Woman.

Job. Ha, ha, ha! a Bull, a Bull.

Lucy. She is so chang'd, I knew her not; I never saw her Face before: O Lud! is this my Lady?

Let. We shall be maul'd again.

Lucy. I thought our Happiness was too great to last.

Lady. Fear not, my Servants. Sir, let 'em all be call'd, I will give your Family Ease and Satisfaction, for I am now a hearty Penitent, and acknowledge I have been too harsh and rigorous to ye all; but Heaven has given me another Mind, and it shall hereafter be my Endeavour to make ye happy.

Enter Servants and Tenants.

Sir John. Persevere in this Resolution, and we shall be blest indeed; the other was a false and short-liv'd Joy, but this I hope will continue for Life.

Lady. May Heaven blast me, if once I alter from my Purpose, or ever contradict your Will again.

Sir John. Then am I blest, and sav'd from certain Ruin; this is a Day of Wonders indeed.

AIR

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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AIR XXXIX. Take a Kiss or twa.



*So the Wretch o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow,
As approaching Death draws nigh,
Dreads the fatal Day, To-morrow,
When his Sentence is to die:
If repriev'd, his Fear's abated,
And his Heart exults with Joy;
Thus my Griefs are dissipated,
Whilst fond Hopes my Thoughts employ.*

Enter Nell.

Nell. My Head turns round, I must 'go home. O Zehel! are you there?

Job. O Lud! is that fine Lady, my Wife? I gad I'm afraid to come near her. What can be the Meaning of this?

Sir John. We have all been under the Power of Enchantment, to which I gave not the least Consent, but Heaven often makes the very Malice of Devils produce a good Effect; this is a happy Change, and I'll have it celebrated with all the Joy I proclaim'd for my late short-liv'd Vision.

Lady. To me 'tis the happiest Day I ever knew.

Sir John. Now, Madam, since you have resign'd your Power to me, where's your Chaplain?

But. Mr. Ananias, come forth.

F

AIR

*The Devil to Pay; Or,**Enter Ananias, drunk. Singing.*AIR XL. *We've sail'd the Seas, &c.*

*Come fill about the sparkling Wine,
 From which our Pleasures spring;
 It makes the Sons of Earth divine,
 Inspir'd thus to sing: Fal, la, la, &c.*

Sir John. Behold this Saint, whom you so much admir'd.*Lady.* I confess my self in the Wrong.*Sir John.* Go, Hypocrite, I discard thee.*Ana.* Discard me, for what? Nounz! I'll conform. What a Pox do you mean?*Sir John.* Base Wretch! thou Scandal to thy own Profession; would'st thou maliciously thus bring one on ours, to conform by being vicious? detested Villain, be gone. Give him ten Pounds, and in the Morning send him packing. Here *Jobson*, take thy fine Wife.*Job.* But one Word, Sir. — Did not your Worship make me a Cuckold, under the Rose?*Sir John.* No, upon my Honour, nor ever kist her Lips till I came from Hunting; but since she has been my Bedfellow a little while, and a Means too of bringing about this happy Change, I'll give thee Five Hundred Pounds home with her; go buy a Stock of Leather, and be my Shoe-maker, and I'll help thee to all the Custom of the Country.*Job.* Brave Boys! I'm a Prince, the Prince of Coblers. Come hither, *Nell*, I'll never strap thee more.*Nell.* Indeed, *Zekel*, I have been in such a Dream, that I'm quite weary of it.

AIR

The Wives Metamorphos'd.

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AIR XLI. When *Orpheus* tickled his Harp.



Job. Then come to thy own poor Hut again,
And with thy own Spouse divide thy Pain;
With a Twinkum, twankum.
Above the base Sphere in which she was bred,
When a Beggar is mounted, it turns her Head,
When a Beggar is mounted, it turns her Head;
With a Twinkum, twankum, twang.

Nell. Forsooth, Madam, will you please to take your Cloaths, and let me have mine again.

Lady. No, thou shalt keep them, and I'll preserve thine as Reliques.

Job. And can your good Ladyship forgive my Strapping your Honour so very much?

Lady. Most freely. The Joy of this blessed Change sets all things right again.

Sir John. Come, Gentlemen; let me present you to my Wife, she is now in a Temper fit to receive you.

Ran. I wish your Ladyship all the Joy your Heart can hope for.

Val. May your whole Life to come be one continu'd Scene of Happiness.

Lady. Gentlemen, I thank you, and hope you will pardon my Behaviour last Night; I think I was mad, but Heaven has now brought me to my self.

Sir John. Let us forget every thing that is past, and think of nothing now but Joy and Pleasure.

All Serv. Long live Sir John, and my Lady.

The Devil to Pay, &c.

AIR XLII. Hey Boys up go we.



Sir John. *May no Remembrance of past Time,
Our present Pleasures soil,
Be ought but Mirth and Joy a Crime,
And Sporting all our Toil.*

Lady. *Let ev'ry Face with Smiles appear,
Be Joy in ev'ry Breast,
Since from a Life of Pain and Care,
We now are truly blest.*

Chorus. *Let ev'ry Face with, &c.*

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F I N I S.



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